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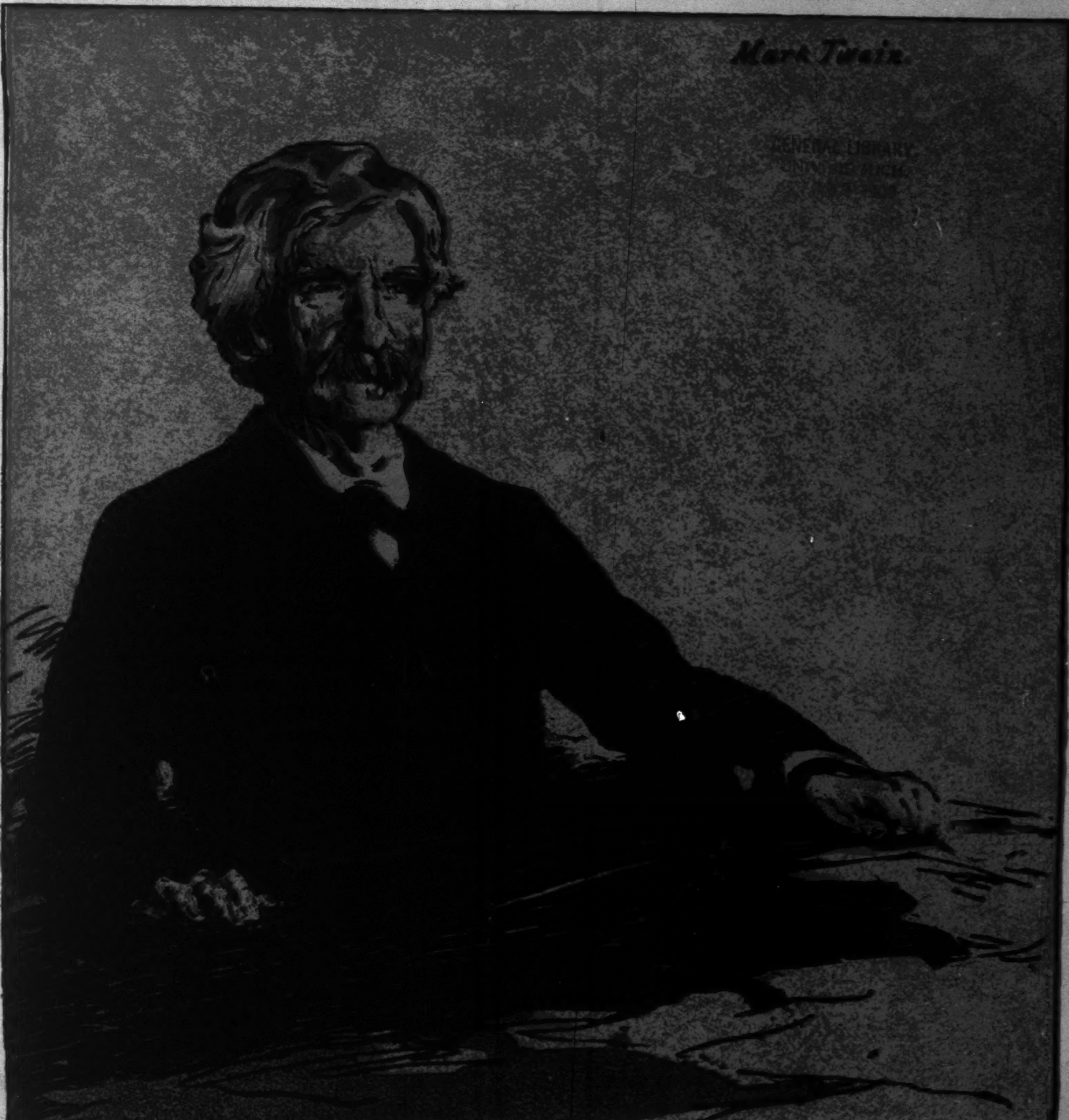
# HARPER'S WEEKLY

## A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK DECEMBER 15 : 1900



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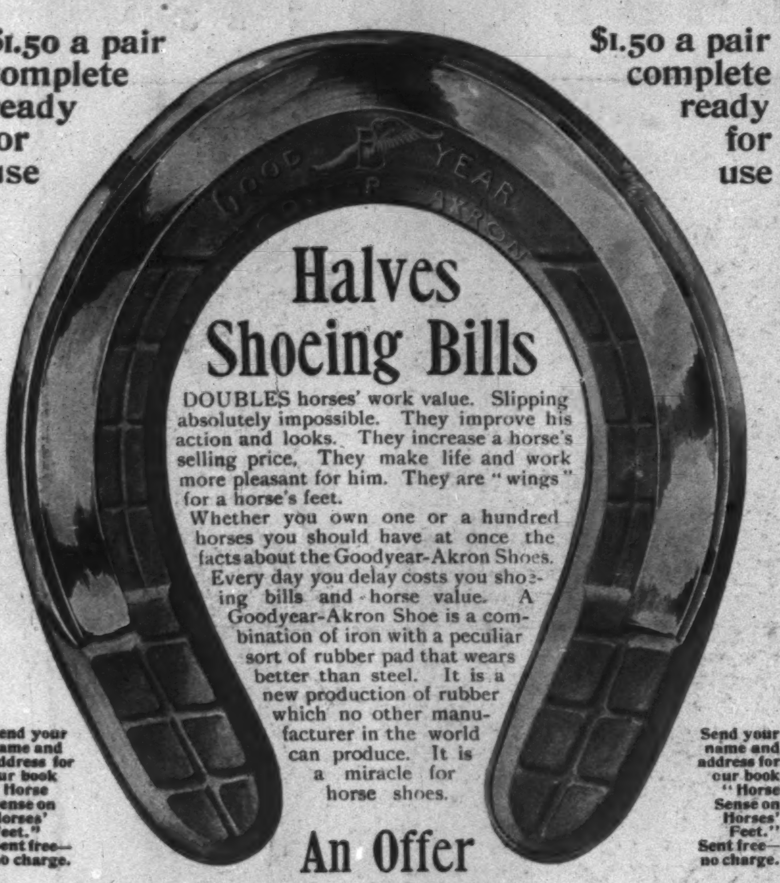

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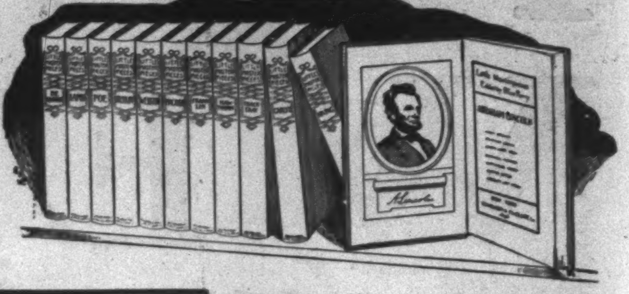

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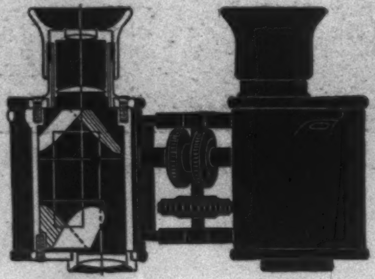

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Dec. 15
1900

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J.S.

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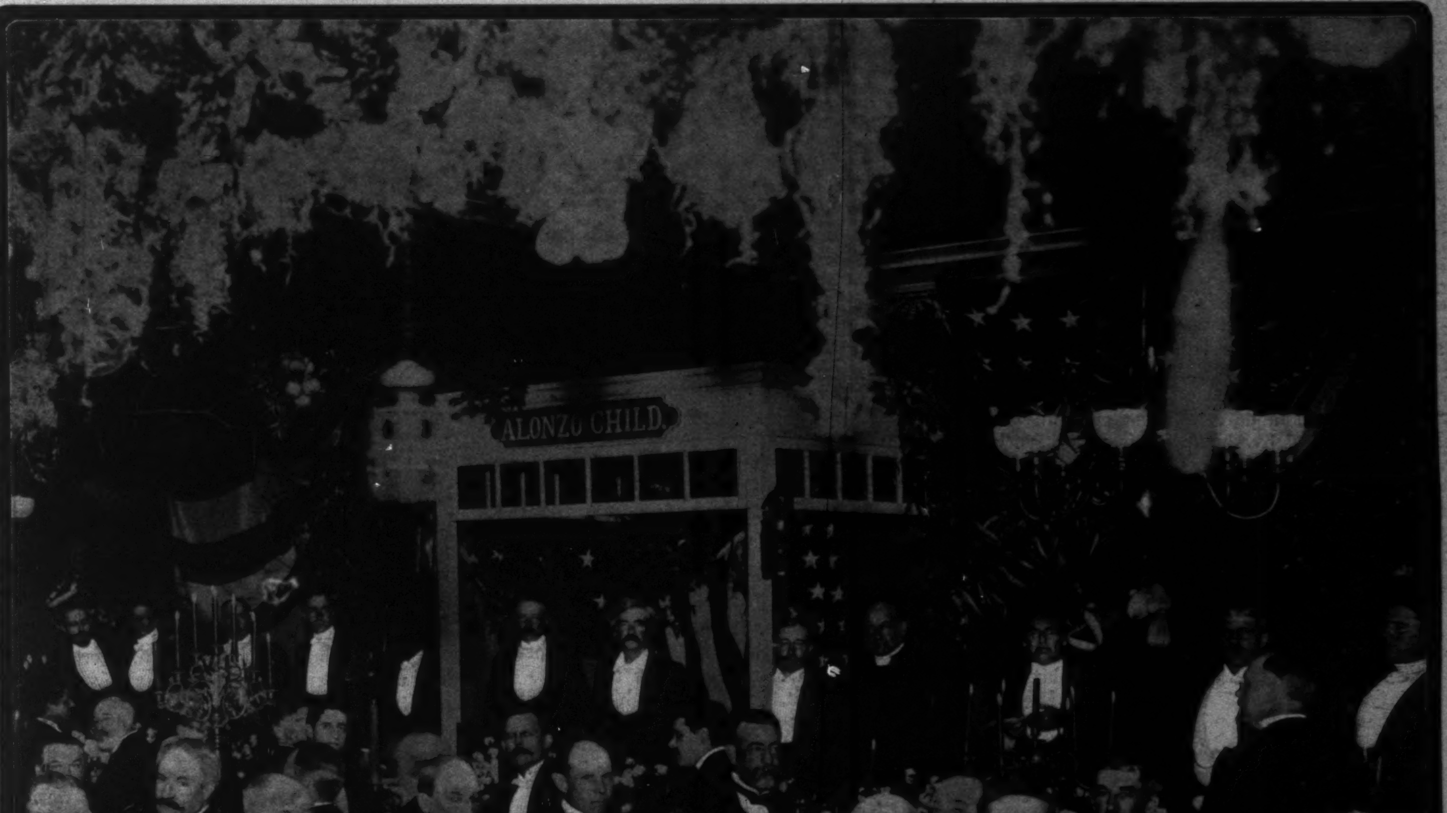

THE ALDINE CLUB DINNER TO MARK TWAIN, DECEMBER 4, 1900.

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WEEKLY

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# *The President's Message*

THE President's message shows our recently re-elected Chief Magistrate to be a veritable political Santa Claus. He fills our stockings with all sorts of good things, and when the message has been read from beginning to end it leaves the American reader with that comfortable feeling of satisfaction with himself and the world in general that goes more often with a good Christmas dinner than with the official utterance of a minister of state. It is difficult to see how, if the pledges made or foreshadowed in the message are fulfilled by the Administration, with the aid of Congress, it will be possible to stave off the millennium much longer. The highest wisdom characterizes the recommendations to Congress, and the deepest sincerity is the prevailing note in this very satisfactory document.

The restatement of the Administration's Philippine policy is strictly along the lines indicated by Mr. McKinley in his letter of acceptance of his renomination to the Presidential office last summer. Suspected then of an Imperialistic ambition, the sincerity of his utterance was questioned by a large number of worthy and thoughtful persons. An unselfish attitude toward the people of the Pacific islands was a good thing to promise; a good platform for a candidate before a fair-play-loving people to stand on; but the critics of the candidate, having their suspicions that all was not fair and aboveboard with him, while admitting the wisdom of the promised policy, doubted his intention of living strictly up to the letter of his promises. These critics the President has now disarmed by a reiteration in the message of the pledges of the letter, and the approach of Christmas should find the Anti-Imperialists and their quondam opponents clasped in each other's arms, assuring each other of their everlasting good will, and in the joy of the hour letting bygones be bygones. In his letter of acceptance, Mr. McKinley denied acquaintance with Imperialism. In his message, he gives that one-time issue a parting kick which should keep it from soon again rising to annoy him. And just as the President sends a little Christmas assurance of his benevolent intentions regarding the permanence of our republican institutions to the Anti-Imperialists, so does he reassure the doubting Thomases of the far Pacific seas. Aguinaldo himself could ask for no more cherished yule-tide promise than the definite statements in this message, in which the President impresses upon the legislative branch of the government the necessity of adopting a policy that shall proceed along the generous lines of a purpose to assure "the benefits of liberty and good government to the Filipinos in the interests of humanity, and with the aim of building up an enduring, self-supporting, and self-administering community in those Far-Eastern seas."

This particular portion of the message should be cabled to Aguinaldo by his friend Senator Pettigrew, or some other, in time for him to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it before he sits down to his Christmas dinner. Reading it and comprehending it, this elusive leader of the Tagal irreconcilables may have a great light dawn upon him, and hasten to join the thousands of his followers who are now giving up their arms to the United States authorities, in time to make the sentiment of peace on earth and good will toward men in so far as the United States are concerned practically unanimous.

There is Christmas cheer for China in the message also, although it is possible that China is not bothering much these days about any of the great spiritual festivities of Christianity, being rather more concerned with the Christian's strange ideas of the requirements and the administration of justice. Nevertheless, a Chinese subject reading the paragraphs of the President upon the situation in the Celestial Empire would gain not only a comprehensive idea of what has happened, but a reassuring notion that one nation on earth at least has no predatory designs upon the territory and the property of his people. How welcome the announced and up to this time consistently followed policy of the United States toward the Eastern imbroglio may be to other civilized nations time alone can show, but there can be no doubt that the "Heathen Chinee" himself will find something in it that will encourage him to hope for brighter days in the future, and for an enlargement of his field of usefulness in the community of nations. Incidentally, the pronouncements on this question in the message should also bring no little measure of relief to Americans everywhere, who have been somewhat confused in their minds of late as to the precise situation, and who have been fearful that there were rocks yet ahead of us, upon which the ship of state, unless wisely guided, would sooner or later come to grief. The President's summing up of the whole case *ab initio* is comprehensive and lucid, and the outlining of his policy quite in accord with an ideal solution of a most vexatious and complicated problem.

These points, taken with others, notably the promulgation of the fact that we have lived within our income this year, and still have a more than comfortable balance at the bank, make of the message one of good cheer, and therefore appropriate to the season.

If Presidential messages could only be made one-fourth as long, no one could properly find aught to cavil at in this latest document from the Chief Magistrate.

### The Case of Cadet Booz

IT will not do for the superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point, or for officers high in the service of the army, to pooh-pooh the charges made against the cadets by the unfortunate young man who died recently, the result, as alleged, of his having been hazed during the brief period of his stay at the Academy. The case is one of serious import, and whatever the truth may be, it should be discovered and made public. The good name of the institution at West Point demands it, the discipline of the Academy requires it, and Colonel Mills or any one else connected with the service to the contrary notwithstanding, the authorities will be derelict in their obvious duty if, in the face of such definite charges as have been made both by the late cadet and by his parents and friends, they fail to order the most searching inquiry into the scandal. It is to be hoped that the bill introduced into the House of Representatives ordering such an inquiry to be made will pass without opposition, and that as a result thereof the Military Academy will be relieved of the odium which the charges have placed upon its fair fame, and the individuals responsible for so smirching the reputation of the institution shall receive the punishment commensurate to the offence. An army is not supposed to be recruited from the ranks of cowards and molly-coddles; neither can it be expected to gain in strength and valor if it is composed of brutes. "An officer and a gentleman" is a phrase older than the Military Academy itself, and its precise significance should not be lost sight of by the young men who hope some day to become guiding forces in the army of the United States. If the charges of Cadet Booz are true, no time should be lost in demonstrating the fact, and once demonstrated, the discipline of the service requires the adoption of the most drastic punitive measures.

### The Naval Arch

WE regret the abandonment by the Naval Arch Committee of the enterprise for making that beautiful structure a permanent adornment of some public place. Intrinsically the Arch deserved a better fate, and we should not have been at all sorry had Congress taken the matter in hand and passed an appropriation for the erection of this memorial of the Spanish war, for no other reason than that it was beautiful as a work of art, and in itself therefore worthy of perpetuation in enduring form. New York, as the city which gave birth to the Arch, was of course entitled to its permanent possession in the event of its reproduction in marble or other enduring material, but it would have better pleased the great bulk of our citizens, who cared for it as an uplifting object of municipal adornment, if, instead of becoming merely a memory, it had been taken away from them and erected elsewhere.

Even now it is not too late to rebuild the Arch in permanent form in the city of Washington, and we think the money required would be better expended in the materialization of this beautiful conception than a similar amount will be when devoted to the dredging out of some insignificant waterway or the erection of some atrocious public building in some section of the country where "constituents" have to be "cared for."

### Mark Twain: American

IN these days when the public conscience is beginning to rouse itself for sturdy and effective work against the prevalence of crime in the community, it is altogether a blessing that by a seeming coincidence we have had returned to us from a long period of exile one who has a habit of seeing things as they are, and is gifted with an unusually convincing aptitude for telling the plain truth. It is not wholly because we regard him as the American humorist *par excellence*, to whom there is no second, that we take pleasure in this issue of the Weekly in laying our tribute of esteem upon the door-step of Mark Twain, it is not alone as the literary guide, philosopher, and friend who has helped us over many a hard and dark spot in life, that we delight to do him honor; it is as the highest type of the American citizen, the man who hates hypocrisy, who scorns futile and insincere effort undertaken for the sake of the notoriety it brings, as the fearless and outspoken apostle of truth and advocate of a higher standard of civic morality, that at this juncture Mark Twain appeals to us most strongly. We may have many Committees on Vice. Indeed, the city is full of them—even unto Tammany Hall. The pulpit thunders, politicians prate, great commercial bodies organize, each and every one against vice, telling us the old, old tale over and over again, telling us what we all have known for many years, but until Mark Twain came along and put his penetrating eye on the situation, who ventured to interject into the discussion the idea that the evil that flourishes in our community is the result of our own indifference thereto, and that if we are to-day leprous with disease, it is because we have deliberately incurred it by our own neglect of ordinary precautions?

Indeed, yes, let us honor Mark Twain for his humor, for his integrity, for the glorious example he has set, for his philosophy, his kindness of heart, and his gentleness of manners, but, above all, let us not fail in paying our tribute to place among the laurels we are bestowing upon him that which should adorn the brow of our best citizen, in whom we find the incarnation of all the virtues of civic life.

### A Suggestion to Congress

APROPOS of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, if it is not now too late to advise, we think it would be well if Congress were to defer action upon that instrument until the Christmas season is over. The spirit of the hour is one of unusual generosity, and it is not until after the first of January, when the bills come in, that we begin to consider the cost of the things we give away. Generosity is always commendable, but it is just as well occasionally not to be too generous and give away all that we have. So, while we are in this joyous and generous mood, which characterizes a prosperous nation in the period of the Yule, let us put the Hay-Pauncefote treaty aside, else later on we shall regret having parted with more than we bargained for. That document should be considered at a time when we are in the mood for cold business.

# The Surprise Party to Mark Twain

## By William Dean Howells

WHEN I received a notification (at rather a late day) from the Characters in Mark Twain's books that they were going to give him a surprise party, I thought it a very good joke, and quite like them. I said they would have a good time if *he* didn't, and that the great thing in a surprise party was that the givers should have the pleasure, and the receiver the surprise. This had happened almost from the invention of surprise parties, and had the sanction of inveterate usage. In extreme cases it had been consecrated by the tears of involuntary hostesses who had been summoned from their sleep to receive the hospitalities of an uproarious troop of self-invited guests; and I thought I would give anything to witness the grief of the great humorist on being called up by his Characters after midnight, and made to understand with difficulty that he must not come down in his house-coat, but must put on, together with his dress suit, an air of boisterous delight at the little attention shown him. It seemed to me that he would have something besides tears in his voice, and I thought I would like to be by and hear him. But when I read through the notification—it was from King Arthur, and bore

### The Great Pendragon of the Dragonship

stamped in red on the paper and envelope—and found that I was expected to be present, I had my misgivings. I do not know but I had my resentments; it may have appeared to me a liberty, an extension of the joke on Mr. Clemens to Mr. Clemens's friends, and I said to the committee of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer, who brought the missive (they had apparently been wiping their hands on it, without having first washed them): “What does this mean, boys? *I* am not a Character in Mark Twain's books. What have I got to do with the reception you people are giving him?”

They replied with remarkable intelligence that they did not know; that they were only the “Prince and Pauper” anyway, and they established their identity beyond question by turning handsprings before me all the way to Mr. Clemens's house, where they were giving him the surprise party. They, as well as I, evidently took it for granted that I would follow them, and after doing so I was not surprised to be ushered into a very mixed company by The Boss (who had emerged from “The Yankee at King Arthur's Court” to take charge of the affair), and to find myself the only person present who was not out of one of the humorist's books. Of course he was present, too, but *he* was out of them all, and so I did not count him.

I had arrived just at the moment when the handshaking was at its height, and he was trying to give novelty, by a varied inflection, to his unvaried greeting, as the Characters filed past him, “Gentlemen, the joke is on me.”

When it came my turn, he attempted it with me, but I said: “No, you don't. *I'm* not one of your Characters.”

“Well, what are you doing here, then?” he asked.

“That's what I should like to know,” I retorted.

He rubbed his chin and threw back his head with a laugh, and said, “I guess you'll have to ask The Boss.” Then he whispered confidentially, “Who *are* these people, anyway?”

I said, “I don't know; I never heard of one of them before.”

I fancied he did not quite like that, and it did sound a little rude, but before I could modify or explain, Joan of Arc descended from the tapestry and called the meeting to order.

“Isn't this a good deal like a dream?” I inquired of The Boss, who stood at my elbow.

“It *is* a dream,” he answered with a strong East Hartford accent; and then everything was clear to me. I looked round, and perceived, without the least surprise, that Mr. Clemens had been voted into the chair, with the Doctor, out of “Innocents Abroad,” for Secretary, and Tom Quartz, the miner's cat out of “Roughing It,” for sergeant-at-arms. The Twins, out of “Pudd'nhead Wilson,” were acting as pages, and Wilson himself was addressing the jury.

I ventured again to remark to The Boss, “Isn't this a good deal like a legislative assembly?”

“It *is* a legislative assembly,” said The Boss. “It's the Parliament of Man.”

Then I felt more at home, but I faltered, “I thought it was a dream.”

“You were never more wide awake in your life,” said The Boss.

Satan left his place in “Following the Equator,” and came forward to reassure me, elbowing the other Characters aside in his unmistakable way, and at the same time I saw that Mr. Clemens was on his feet introducing me as a devoted student of the distinguished humorist whom they had assembled to honor, and inviting me to say a few words in recognition of his genius as a writer, and his civic virtue as an unclassified policeman.

I caught my breath and held it long enough to whisper under it, “Well, of all *the* cheek!” and then I launched forth in vehement protest. I said, as I always do, that I was no speaker and could not possibly address them without preparation; that from what I knew of the distinguished humorist there was no one so fit do him justice as Mr. Clemens himself; that I was wholly unprepared and—

But here, Conscience, out of “The Recent Carnival of Crime in Connecticut,” whispered in my ear, “You know you've got a printed copy of that speech you made at the Lotos Club in your pocket.”

“Yes,” said the humorist, who had somehow overheard, “and nobody paid the slightest attention to it there, so you can safely read it as something you've jotted down for this occasion.”

As a rule, an author with a manuscript about him will not refuse to read it to anybody anywhere, and it seems that I was no exception to the rule.

“You are so flattering,” I began.

“Not at all,” said the humorist. “Only just. There wasn't a man at that dinner listened to you. They were impatient to hear *me*. But now you have your chance. These fellows have *got* to listen, or else get back into their books.” It did seem rather a good opportunity, and I seized it without farther parley.

### The Second-hand Speech

“If you meet a humorist on his own ground the chances are that you will be thrown down: unless you are a very great joker, he will probably outjoke you, or if he doesn't people will think he does, which is quite as bad. The only way is to take him seriously, and then if you praise him he will be apt to think you are in earnest. That is why I am going to be serious in the very little I have to say about our great and good friend to-night, though we have not arrived at that happy stage of a complimentary dinner when the guest, unless he is a person of extraordinary perspicacity, does not know whether you are praising him or not. He is so thickly buttered by that time that he thinks everything offered him is butter, and in a lordly dish. If you get out your little hammer, and drive your little nail into his skull, he smiles blandly when it reaches his gray matter, and comes round at the end of the dinner, with the head of the nail sticking out, to say, ‘Thank you, old fellow; that was very nice of you; I hope you won't have too much on your conscience.’”

At the little pause I made here for applause the distinguished humorist cut in, “Did I say that, the night of the Lotos dinner?”

“No, but you said a great many worse things.” I was vexed at having the applause shut off, and I thought I would let him feel it. He did not seem to feel it at all, but only laughed, and said patronizingly, “Go on,” and of course I went on.

### The Speech Resumed

“Like every one else here, I am glad to have Mr. Clemens among us again, because, for one thing, I hated to see him having such a good time abroad. We always suspect a fellow-citizen who has a good time abroad; we are afraid that there must be something wrong about it. We feel that he never could have been what we thought him, if other people think so too. We are jealous of his fame if it is universal; we should have liked to keep it to ourselves. Many a time in the course of the last nine years my heart has been saddened by the acceptance of our friend in France, Germany, Austria, and England as one of the first humorists of all times, and I have done what little I could to set the matter right, among those who loved him as I did, by whispering round that they were overdoing it.”

Here I made another pause, to see if any of the company present would taste my delicate irony. Not one of them moved a muscle—I reflected, because they were such clams. The humorist said, after a moment's consideration, “That isn't bad.”

“I'm glad you like it,” I said. “These Characters of yours are so dull that they don't know wit when they hear it.”

“You mustn't be too harsh with them,” he said. “They thought that was pathos.”

In fact I saw that most of them were in tears.

“How beautiful!” said “The Pilot on the Mississippi.”

“Yes, but how true!” said “The Tramp Abroad.”

“Oh, come now!” I protested to the humorist. “These fellows are yourself in disguise.”

“I prefer to let my works speak for me,” he explained. “Go on!” and I resumed.

### The Speech Re-resumed

“But now that we have got him back I am not so sure that they were overdoing it. At any rate, I wish to lift my voice in welcoming him home, and to be one of the very first publicly to forgive him. I realize that he was not to blame because other peoples have appreciated him in their poor, unintelligent way, and told him so in languages which are difficult for any true American to understand. We ought to forgive him in our own interest, if for no other reason, for no one else has been so fully in the joke of us, or known better how to interpret us to ourselves; and at no other period of our national life have we been a greater joke, or more needed interpretation. He has probably arrived by a happy instinct to tell us just what we mean, and to declare how about it, when we are ourselves most in the dark.”

“That seems all right,” said the humorist. “Is it original with *you?*”

“No,” I retorted with indignant sarcasm, “it's out of your interview with the reporters who went down on the government tug to meet you when your steamer was signalled.”

“Oh, I remember,” he returned. “I thought it didn't sound like the rest of your speech.”

“No, the rest is better literature.”

“But it isn't such good sense. Well?”

I had every mind to stop there, but I had still something to read, and the author's nature was too strong for my personal self-respect. I went on helplessly:

### The Speech Re-resumed Once More

“He is at any rate a humorist of continental dimensions, and he could not be the great humorist he is without being vastly better—if there is anything better; if it is really better to be a sagacious reader of contemporary history, a generous and compassionate observer of one's kind, a philosopher without a theory, a poet whose broad-winged imagination transcends the bounds of verse.”

“Hold on!” said the humorist at this point. “Isn't that rather *tepid?*”

“Perfectly lukewarm!” shouted all the Characters together. “Couldn't you find anything better than that to say of a man who created *us?*”

“Well, I like your gall!” I said. “If I went farther what should I have to say of Cervantes?”

“You needn't go so far as Cervantes!” the Characters chorussed again.

“Is this your opinion too?” I demanded of the humorist.

“It wouldn't become me to say,” he returned. “Or not till I have heard the rest of your speech. Go on,” and as before I went on.

### The Speech Resumed Finally

“Perhaps it takes all these to make up the sum of a great humorist. At least, we find them all summed up in the humorist whom we amusingly suppose ourselves to be honoring to-night, when he is so obviously honoring us. Why, in a manner, he has invented us, and has more than any other man made us the component parts of the great American joke which we all realize ourselves to be when we are serious. More than any other he has discovered us to ourselves; he has determined our modern mental attitude, fixed our point of view; and he could not have done this without being vitally of the material he worked in. He has invented us, but then we invented him, to begin with, and that is where I think we have reason to be proud. Before us no people had a humorist with nothing cruel but everything kindly in his smile, who never laughed with the strong against the weak, or found anything droll in suffering or deformity.”

The humorist had been listening with an air of critical attention, and as I glanced at him he said, “Yes, that is pretty well. I think,” he continued, turning to the Characters, “we may let that pass?”

They grumbled a little, but they made out to signify among them that they would let it pass, if I had nothing more really appreciative, nothing more cordially expressive of his worth to offer.

“Perhaps he has,” said the humorist, and once more, and for the last time, I went on:

### The Speech Concluded

“When we look back over literature, and see what savage and stupid and pitiless things have passed for humor, and then open his page, we seem not only to have invented the only true humorist, but to have invented humor itself. We do not know by what mystery his talent sprang up from our soil and flowered in our air, but we know that no such talent has been known to any other; and if we set any bounds to our joy in him, it must be from that innate American modesty, not always perceptible to the alien eye, which forbids us to keep throwing bouquets at ourselves.”

“Well,” said the humorist, as I sat down wiping my forehead, “I can't say that it's quite all I expected, but I suppose we shall have to let it go?”

He appealed to the assembled Characters again, but they were by no means of one mind. Colonel Sellers, from “The Gilded Age,” was in favor of an appropriation for printing, and laying the speech before the next meeting of the Characters for final action.

“In the mean time,” The Boss suggested, “we might suspend his poetic license.”

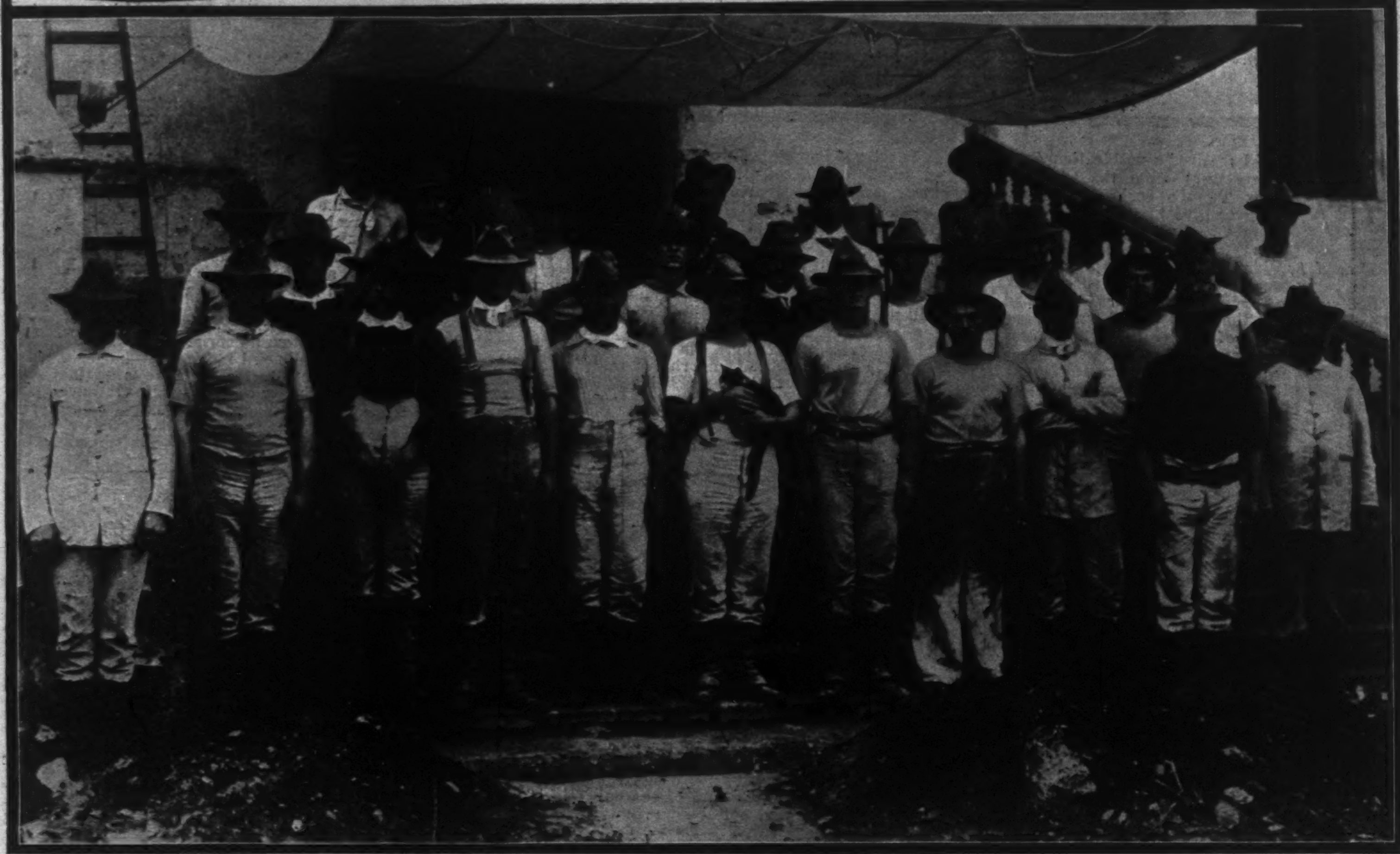
“No, no,” said the great humorist, magnanimously. “At this holiday season, I think we ought to forgive him, on condition that he apologizes.”

“Apologizes!” I shouted. “If you think I am going to apologize for—”

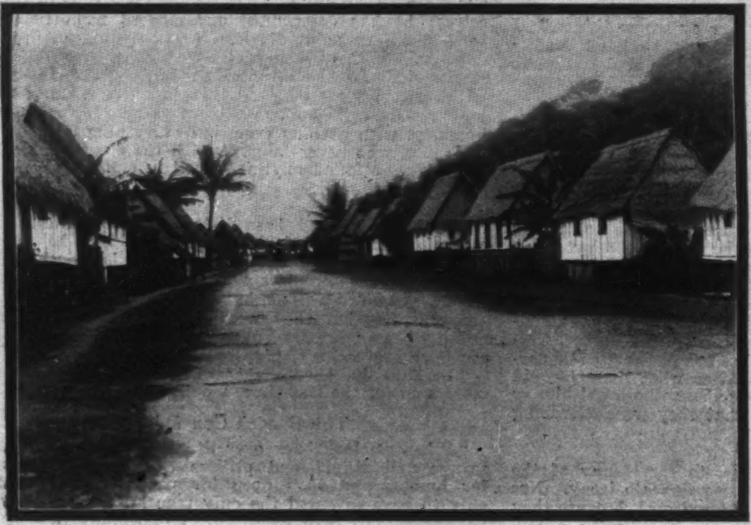
There was a great roar of laughing, and now I perceived that the humorist and his Characters had been transferring the joke from him entirely to me. I looked round. “Is this that Philadelphia Club where they invite a man to be made fun of?” I asked, severely.

Nobody answered; nobody was there except the Jumping Frog, who began, “Well, thishyer Smiley—” But even he disappeared with the words, till I found him with the humorist and the other Characters in the large full-page illustration which the editor of the WEEKLY was holding up before me. “Do you think,” he insinuated, “you could help us joke this picture?”

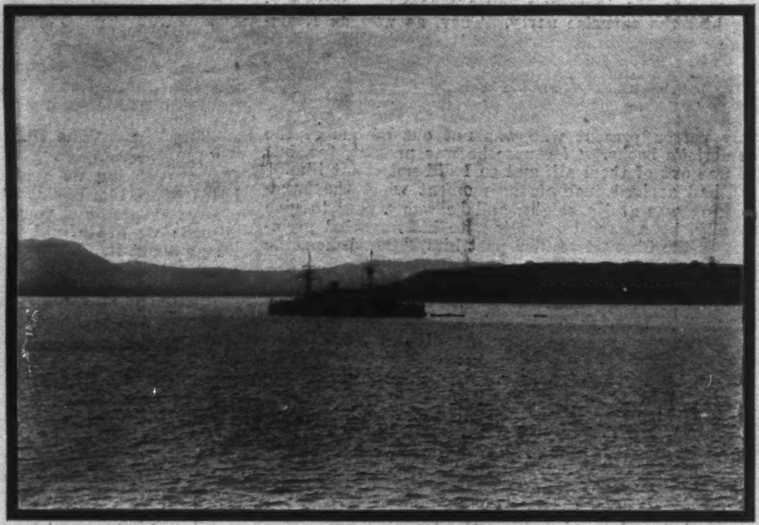
“Oh, no,” I said, “it's been too serious an affair—for me.”



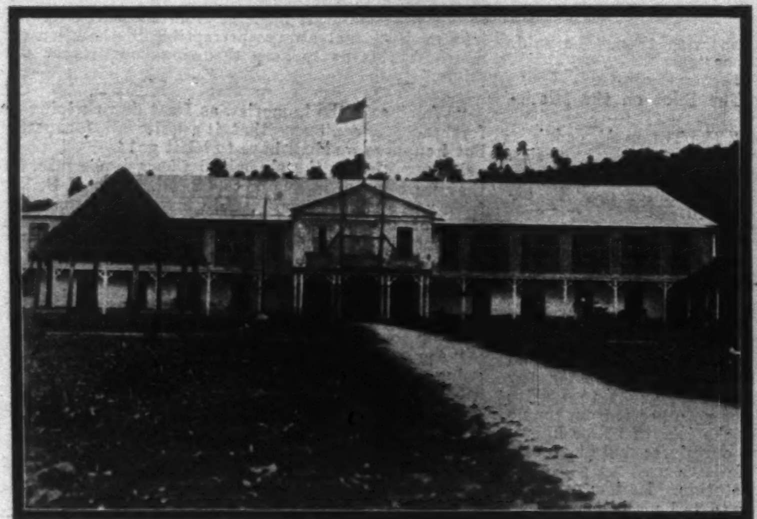
Some of the "Yosemite's" Marines.



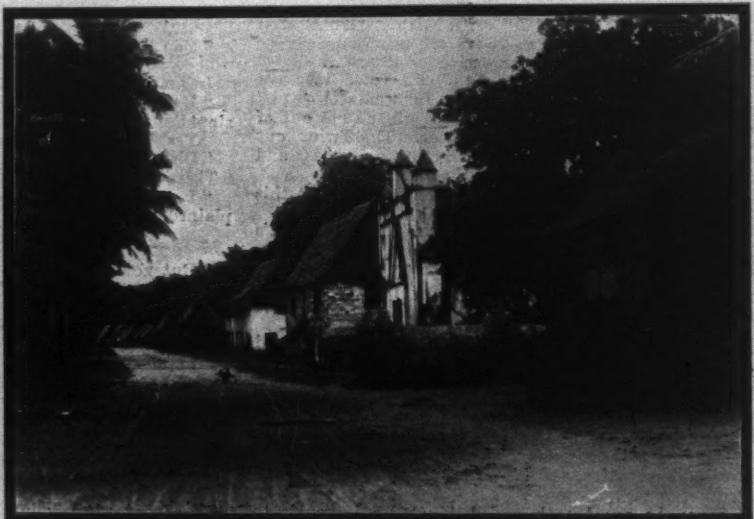
A Street in Agana.



Harbor of San Luis d'Apra.



The Governor's Residence.

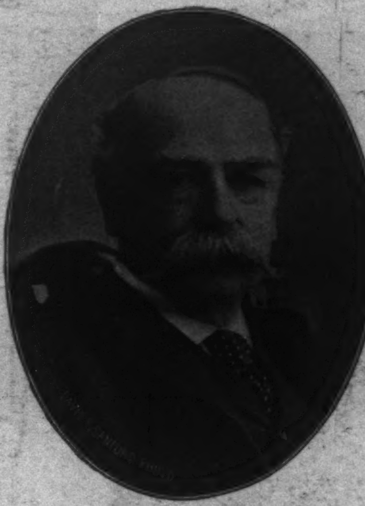


A Street in Asan.

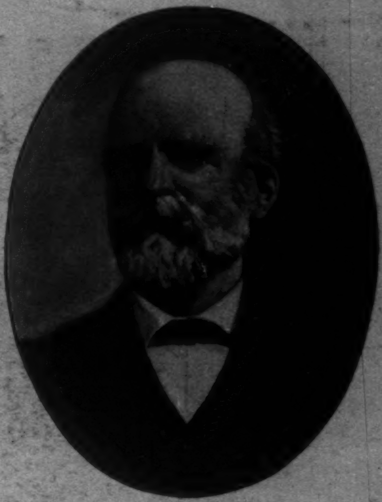
# SCENES ON THE ISLAND OF GUAM.

The Typhoon of November 13 destroyed Thousands of Houses, and wrecked the U.S.S. "Yosemite."

MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE
Appointed by
THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
To Co-operate with the Authorities in
THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE

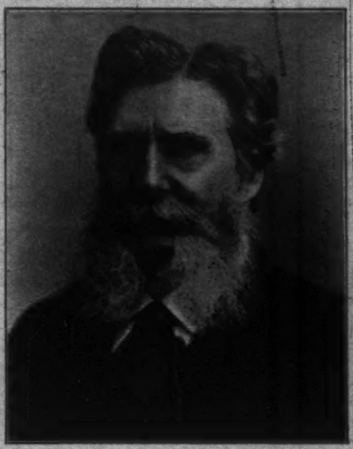


**Frederick D. Tappen.**
(From King's "Notable New-Yorkers.")

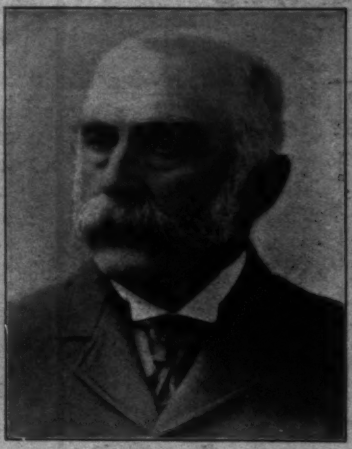


**Alfred T. White.**

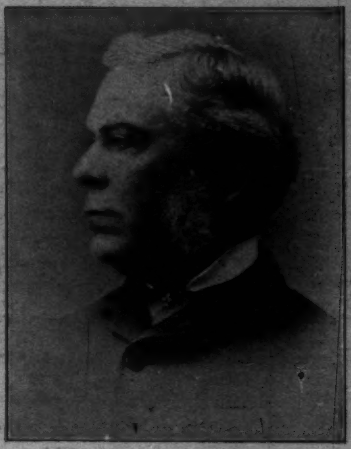
**Jacob H. Schiff.**
(From King's "Notable New-Yorkers.")



**Alexander E. Orr.**
(From King's "Notable New-Yorkers.")

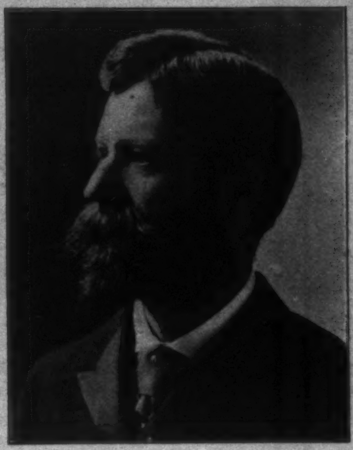


**James C. Carter.**

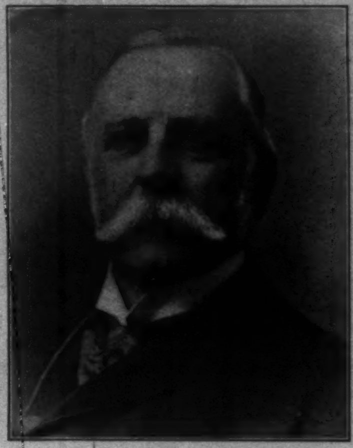


**John S. Kennedy.**

**Rev. Robert L. Paddock.**
(Copyright, 1900, by Rockwood, New York.)



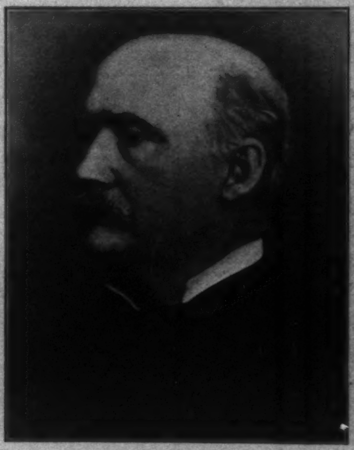
**George Foster Peabody.**



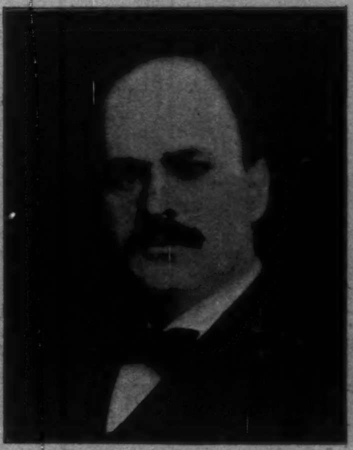
**John Harsen Rhoades.**

**Robert W. De Forest.**
(Photograph by Hollinger.)

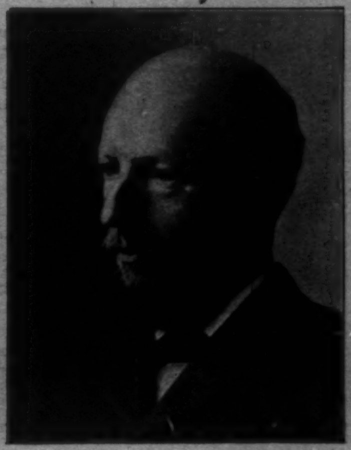
**Charles Sprague Smith.**



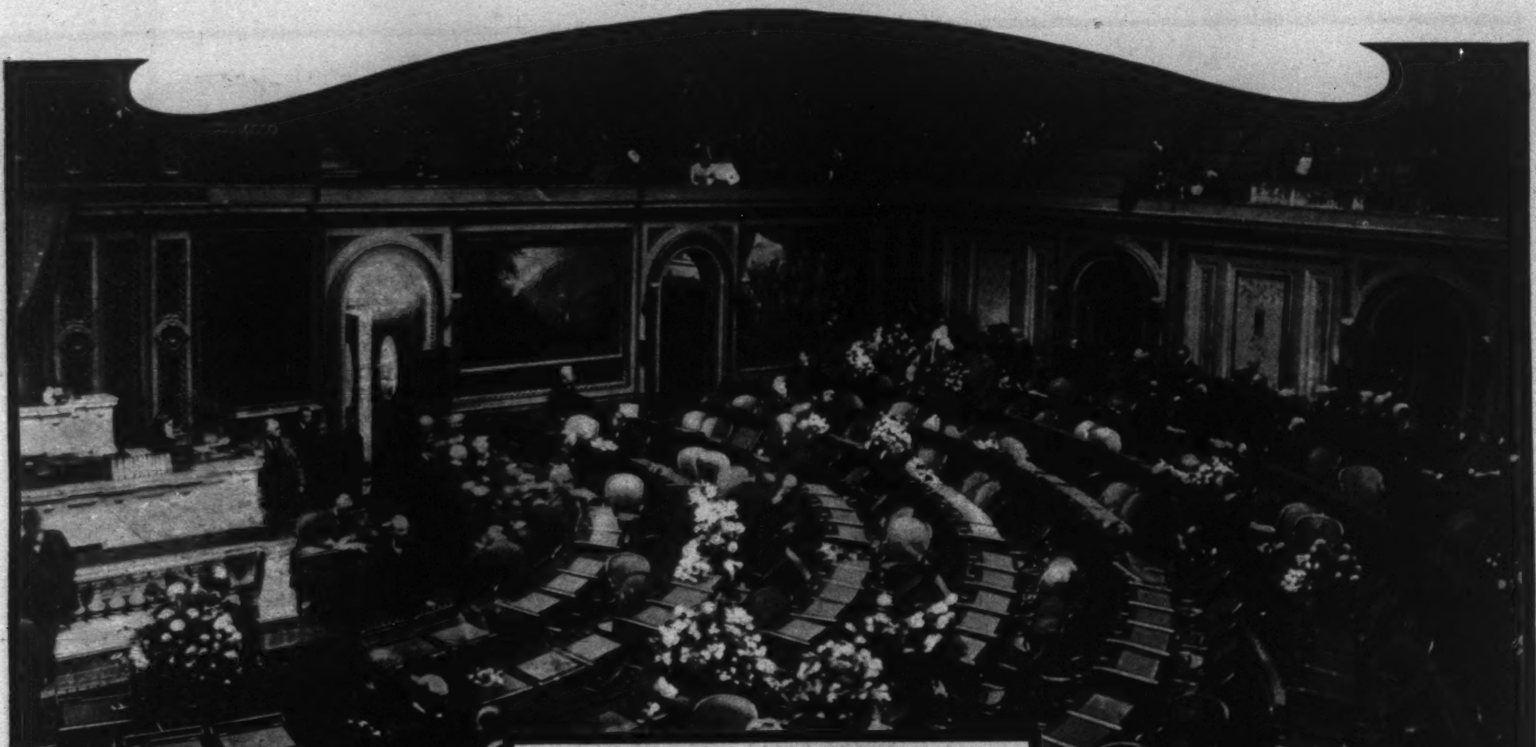
**Joel B. Erhardt.**
(From King's "Notable New-Yorkers.")



**William H. Baldwin, Jr.**



**Dr. Felix Adler.**
(Copyright, 1898, by Pach Brothers.)



The House of Representatives.

The House of Representatives.

Senators Morgan and McEnery.

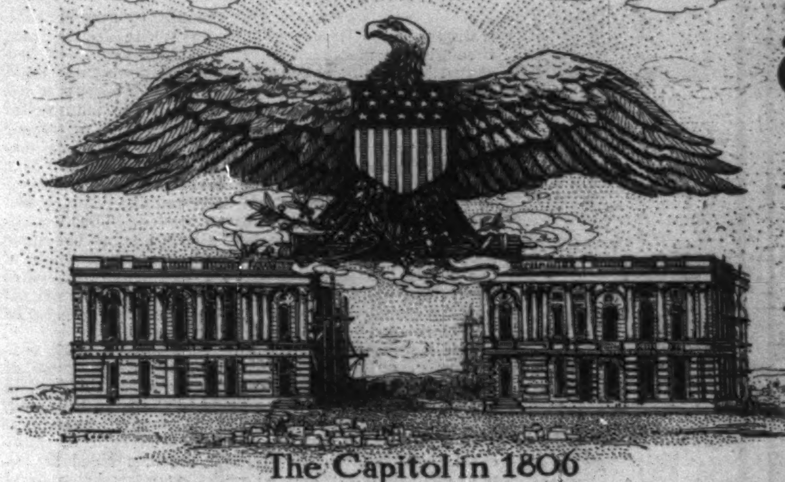
Speaker Henderson.

Chaplain Milburn.

Secretary Pruden bearing the President's Message to Congress.

# THE OPENING OF CONGRESS, WASHINGTON, D.C., DECEMBER 3, 1900.

Photographs by the Clinedinst Studio, Washington, D.C.



The Capitol in 1806

# The REMOVAL of the GOVERNMENT to WASHINGTON

By

JOHN BALL OSBORNE

PERSONS who had occasion, during the closing days of May, 1800, to visit the departmental offices of the national government at Philadelphia, found them the scene of extraordinary bustle and confusion. The entire clerical force was engaged in packing the archives into boxes, and these, together with the office furniture, were carted to the docks and loaded upon vessels, which had been chartered in the name of the United States.

The explanation of this activity was that the Federal government was on the eve of removing to its permanent home on the banks of the Potomac, where preparations for its accommodation had been making since ten years. It was the final chapter in a long story. The Continental Congress and its successor, the Congress of the Confederation, had drifted about like homeless wanderers, holding sessions in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Lancaster, York, Princeton, Annapolis, Trenton, and New York—as the exigencies of war or other circumstances dictated. The Congressional discussions on the subject of the location of the permanent seat of government had been endless, acrimonious, and frequently fraught with danger of disunion of the States, and it was an immense relief to all patriotic citizens when, in July, 1790, the First Congress of the United States, sitting at New York, passed an act establishing the seat of government at Philadelphia for a period of ten years, and thereafter *permanently* on the banks of the Potomac River.

In accordance with the provisions of the Act of July 16, 1790, President Washington appointed commissioners, who, under his direction, located the Federal district of ten miles square, so as to include the towns of Georgetown, Maryland, and Alexandria, Virginia, laid out the magnificently planned capital city, and commenced the erection of its public buildings. But the settlement of the new city progressed very slowly, being hampered by a fever of unsound speculation, and the prevailing apprehension lest Congress should reverse its action in regard to the prospective removal; so that when the government took possession Washington was still a sprawling village of some three thousand souls, planted in what was little better than a wilderness. Notwithstanding that the work was interrupted from time to time for lack of funds, the commissioners were enabled to report, early in the year 1800, that the President's house, one wing of the Capitol, and an Executive Office were nearing completion. Congress, therefore, adjourned at Philadelphia on the 14th of May, 1800, to meet at Washington on the third Monday of the ensuing November. On the following day President Adams issued an order requesting the several heads of departments "to take the most prudent and economical arrangements for the removal of the public offices, clerks, and papers, according to their own best judgment, as soon as may be convenient, in such manner that the public offices may be opened in the city of Washington for the despatch of business by the 15th of June."

Each Secretary designated certain employés to supervise the removal of the property of their respective departments; but the general arrangements were made by Israel Whelen, Purveyor of the Public Supplies. The account of this official, as presented and approved in February, 1801, was as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Amount of disbursements of Israel Whelen, agent for the removal of the Public Departments, from the 5th June, 1800, to the 9th February, 1801, for the wagon and charter hire of vessels employed in the transportation of the President's furniture, and the records and furniture of the public offices, from Philadelphia to the city of Washington, including various payments for carpenters' work, porterage, and insurance, with his commission at 2½ per cent ........................... | $15,293 23 |

The following official advertisement appeared in *Claypoole's American Daily Advertiser*, of Philadelphia, in the issue of May 28:

NOTICE.

The Office of the Department of State will be removed this day from Philadelphia. All Letters and Applications are therefore to be addressed to that Department at the *City of Washington*, from this date.

*28 May, 1800.*

The Philadelphia newspapers of the time were mysteriously silent on the subject of the departure of the government, perhaps as a manifestation of their keen regret. The only reference to the important event contained in the gossipy *Aurora* was this laconic item, under date of June 12:

"Letters and newspapers must in future be directed to the respective officers of the government at the city of Washington."

Doubtless even this was inserted by request of the officials. On the other hand, the arrival at Washington, during the first week in June, of the vessels bearing the government's effects, created intense enthusiasm among the residents of the district, and an eager throng of persons of all degrees, white and black, assembled at Lear's wharf to witness the unloading of the precious cargoes.

We are justified in picturing President John Adams himself among the interested spectators, for he was in Washington at this period—ostensibly on a tour of inspection, but incidentally for political motives. He had left Philadelphia on May 27, and travelling *viâ* Lancaster, York, and Frederick, arrived at Georgetown on the 3d of June, being met at the District line by a party of "respectable" citizens on horseback. On the 4th he returned the greeting of the inhabitants of Georgetown, at the Union Tavern, and on the following day, at the Capitol, responded to a similar address of welcome made on behalf of the citizens of Washington. In a letter from Washington city, under date of June 5, a correspondent wrote, in this connection:

"The President of the United States has arrived here, and taken up his quarters at Tonniclif's Hotel. He was received with the greatest respect by the inhabitants of this city.

"It gives us much pleasure to see the officers of government coming in so early in the season, as the confidence of the inhabitants of this place will be strengthened, and every exertion made for the comfortable accommodation of all classes of citizens who may think proper to settle on the most beautiful situation the United States afford."

On the 6th of June the President was given an elaborate entertainment at McLaughlin's Tavern, Georgetown. A few days later he paid a visit to General Washington's widow at Mount Vernon, and returning, was received on the 11th at Alexandria with a military demonstration, and replied to the citizens' address of welcome. On the 16th he spoke at Baltimore, reaching Philadelphia on the 21st, and three days afterwards departed for his home in Massachusetts.

The only eye-witness of the historic arrival of the goods and chattels of the government who has left us any account is the late Christian Hines, of Washington, who says:

"About this time, 1800, the seat of government was being removed from Philadelphia to Washington city. The vessels in which were brought the furniture, etc., landed and discharged their cargoes at Lear's wharf, and as the vessels were unladen their contents were carted away to the War and Treasury Offices, the only two that were built at the time. Some of the furniture was stored away in the stone warehouse, and afterwards taken away in wagons, it being too bulky to remove in carts. Wagons were rather scarce in Washington then, and our cart was engaged with others in removing the boxes of books, papers, etc. I still remember that many of the boxes were marked, 'Joseph Nourse, Register.'

"In the course of a few days I became acquainted with and obtained the names of several clerks and messengers who were about the wharf attending to the unloading and removal of the government property from the vessels. The names I now recollect are, Mr. Crawford (afterwards proprietor of the Union Hotel, Georgetown), who seemed to me to be the principal manager, Benjamin Betterton, James Hodnett, Mr. Burrows, Mr. Fogle, and Mr. Poor, messengers."

Mr. Hines's account, being written nearly seventy years after the event, contains an error in regard to the first War Office; it was, in fact, not completed until the close of the year 1800. The Treasury Office (on the site of the south wing of the present Treasury) was the only executive building ready for occupancy, and the archives and furniture of the Treasury and State departments were at once transferred there; while those of the War and Navy were temporarily stored in Lear's warehouse, a stone structure which adjoined the landing-place, and was owned by Colonel Tobias Lear, formerly private secretary to General Washington. Several weeks prior to the removal, a large three-story brick building, the property of Joseph Hodgson, and located on the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue between Twenty-first and Twenty-second streets, had been leased as a temporary War Office, until the second executive office should be finished. The War Department took possession of this house the last of June, and occupied it until it was burned in the following November. The Navy Department also rented temporary quarters near the President's house.

The five officers of Adams's cabinet* were all in Washington in June, 1800, attending to their official duties. Oliver Wolcott, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury, was the last to arrive, and on the 30th of June received the following note from his colleague, Samuel Dexter, Secretary of War:

"The Secretaries meet at the office of Secretary of Navy every Tuesday and Friday morning, at nine o'clock. Messrs. Marshall and Stoddert join me in requesting the favor of your attendance to-morrow."

President Adams, returning from his trip to Washington, arrived at his home in Quincy (part of old Braintree), Massachusetts, on the 3d of July, and remained there throughout the summer and early autumn, maintaining a lively correspondence on official business with his cabinet officers. No less than forty-three autograph letters from Adams to Secretary Marshall, dated at Quincy, at intervals of two or three days (July 5 to October 9), are on file in the State Department. It had been the practice of President Adams to spend the recess in Congressional sessions at Quincy; it was unkind to begrudge the worthy patriot this pleasure, but captious partisans made it the subject of criticism, alleging that the transaction of the public business was thereby hampered. In the course of a confidential letter to Representative Chauncey Goodrich (of Connecticut), Secretary Wolcott wrote, on July 20, 1800:

"General Marshall was absent about a fortnight, during which time Mr. Stoddert, Mr. Dexter, and myself governed this country. We agreed in everything except in the qualifications of our dread lord and master."

The "dread lord and master" was, of course, his absent chief, to whom Wolcott had conceived a dislike, and whose re-election he was covertly opposing. He resigned his portfolio under date of the 8th of the following November.

The grand total of expenses of removal to Washington was $48,165 57.** Deducting from this the amount of Whelen's account (above quoted), $15,293 23, and the further sum of $3,482 50, which covered legitimate expenses incident to the transfer, there remains the respectable sum of $29,389 84, which was paid by the government for expenses incurred by the officers and clerks for the removal of *themselves and families.* Without questioning the propriety of such necessary expenses being defrayed by the government, a scrutiny of some of the itemized accounts presented under this head proves that the idea must have been prevalent in 1800 that Uncle Sam was as blind as a bat on the subject of the actual cost of things. The Secretary of State, Secretary of War, and Commissioner of Revenue made no charge; but, with few exceptions, every other cabinet officer, bureau chief, clerk, or messenger exercised his ingenuity to make his bill as comprehensive as possible. In addition to these extraordinary allowances they received their regular salaries.

Secretary Wolcott was paid $510 84; Secretary Stoddert (whose home was in Georgetown), $439 81; and Attorney-General Lee, $338 05. But these accounts were modest as compared with certain others. Samuel A. Otis, secretary of the Senate, had the distinction of presenting the champion bill, aggregating $849 30.

Another formidable account presented and duly paid was that of William Simmons, Accountant, Department of War, for $717, for expenses incurred by the removal of himself and family from Philadelphia to the city of Washington.

Several clerks, presumably without families, charged less than one hundred dollars, while others claimed between four and five hundred. Even those who came gratuitously on the chartered vessels presented charges. The lowest account was that of a clerk in the office of the Accountant of the Navy for $21 61. After a perusal of all the accounts paid by the government, incidental to the removal, my conclusion is irresistible that either the innkeepers along the route from Philadelphia to Washington were enabled to reside on "Easy Street" after the lucrative procession had rolled by, or—but that is surely impossible. A pertinent query is, what would have happened if every employé had been obliged to defray his own expenses to the new capital?

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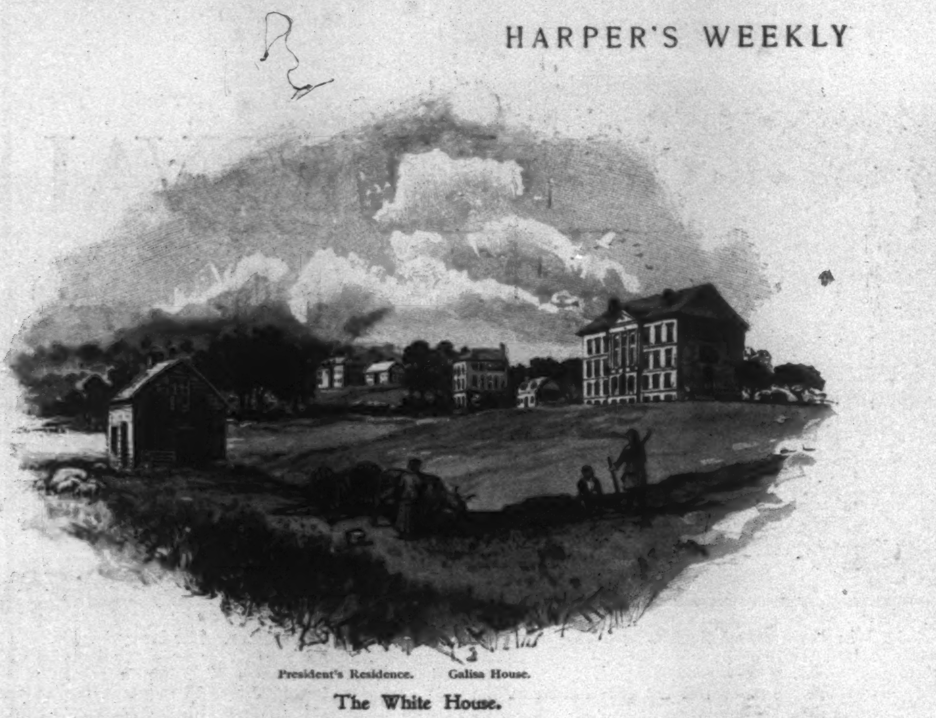
* The cabinet consisted of the Secretary of State, John Marshall; Secretary of the Treasury, Oliver Wolcott, Jr.; Secretary of War, Samuel Dexter; Secretary of the Navy, Benjamin Stoddert; and the Attorney-General, Charles Lee. The Postmaster-General, Joseph Habersham, although at the head of a department, was not admitted to the President's councils.

** The amount appropriated under the Act of July 16, 1790, was $46,923 30; and under the Act of April 24, 1800, $1242 27.


President's Residence.
Galisa House.

**The White House.**

*After a Sketch by N. King, date between 1796 and 1803—probably 1799. In possession of Dr. Samuel C. Busey, of Washington.*

President Adams was reluctant to leave his comfortable home at Quincy, and it was not until October 13, 1800, that he started for Washington. The *National Intelligencer* of Washington, in its initial issue of Friday, October 31, stated,

"The President of the United States left Philadelphia on Monday last [October 27], and is expected to arrive here this day."

In its next number (November 3) there was this item:

"On Saturday last [November 1] the President of the United States arrived in this city, and took up his residence in the house appropriated to him by the commissioners. Though not entirely finished, the part which is completed will afford ample accommodations."

The President's wife, the famous Abigail Adams, did not accompany him. In her first letter from the White House to her daughter, Mrs. Smith, dated at Washington, 21st of November, 1800 (a Friday), Mrs. Adams states, "I arrived here last Sunday," which was the 16th of November.

Abigail Adams was an unusually clever and sensible woman, very pious, as became the daughter of a Puritanical New England clergyman, and well informed on all topics, in spite of a limited education. Although doing full justice to her social obligations, she was sufficiently thrifty to drive good shopping bargains, diet the President on oatcakes and lemonade, and enable him to leave the White House with money in his pocket. If her letters from Washington seem unnecessarily pessimistic and critical, we must bear in mind her bitter disappointment at the downfall of the Federalists and the defeat of her husband, who was doomed to shortly retire, in the language of his grandson and biographer, "disgraced in the popular estimation, and his name a byword of odium for many years." In her letter of November 21 Mrs. Adams has this to say of the new settlement:

"Woods are all you see from Baltimore until you reach *the city*, which is only so in name. Here and there is a small cot, without a glass window, interspersed amongst the forests, through which you travel miles without seeing any human being. In the city there are buildings enough, if they were compact and finished, to accommodate Congress and those attached to it; but as they are, and scattered as they are, I see no great comfort for them."

The conditions in which she found the White House are thus described:

"The house is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order, and perform the ordinary business of the house and stables, an establishment very well proportioned to the President's salary.

"The lighting the apartments, from the kitchen to parlors and chambers, is a tax indeed; and the fires we are obliged to keep to secure us from daily agues* is another very cheering comfort.

"To assist us in this great castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting, not one single one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all you can obtain. This is so great an inconvenience that I know not what to do, or how to do.

"The ladies from Georgetown and in the city have many of them visited me. Yesterday I returned fifteen visits. . . . I could content myself almost anywhere three months; but, surrounded by forests, can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people cannot be found to cut and cart it! . . . We have, indeed, come into *a new country*.

"You must keep all this to yourself, and when asked how I like it, say that I write you the situation is beautiful, which is true. The house is made habitable, but there is not a single apartment finished, and all withinside, except the plastering, has been done since Briesler came. We have not the least fence, yard, or other convenience, without, and the great unfinished audience-room I make a drying-room of, to hang up the clothes in. The principal stairs are not up, and will not be this winter. Six chambers are made comfortable; two are occupied by the President and Mr. Shaw; two lower rooms, one for a common parlor, and one for a levee-room. Upstairs there is the oval room, which is designed for the drawing-room, and has the crimson furniture in it. It is a very handsome room now; but when completed it will be beautiful."

As the third Monday of November approached, the members of the Sixth Congress began to arrive—some in their own coaches, others on horseback, but the majority by public stage. The roads to Washington were in wretched condition—muddy, and filled with ruts, stones, and stumps—and it was a task consuming the best part of three days to come even from Philadelphia. Leaving that city by the mail-coach (or, more properly, "wagon"), it was a fair day's ride to Head of Elk. Resuming the journey at "peep of day," passengers were fortunate if they reached Baltimore by four in the afternoon. Leaving Baltimore at dawn of the third day, it was usually late in the afternoon before the stage arrived within the precincts of the "City of Magnificent Distances." To make the trip in two days was regarded as rapid transit, while at least one employé of the government, embarrassed by a large family of children, occupied six days.

The north wing was the only part of the Capitol completed when the second session of the Sixth Congress opened, on Monday, the 17th of November, 1800. The Senate at once took possession of its permanent chamber, which was the room (since altered and improved) now occupied by the Supreme Court. The House of Representatives was accommodated in temporary quarters in the same wing. A quorum was first secured in the House on Tuesday, November 18, but it was not until the 21st that the requisite number of Senators attended. Vice-President Jefferson did not put in an appearance before the 28th.

On Saturday, November 22, just before noon, President Adams drove down to the Capitol in his coach of state, accompanied by the members of his cabinet, entered the Senate-Chamber, wherein both Houses had assembled, and read from manuscript his "Annual Speech to both Houses of Congress," in the course of which he congratulated the people of the United States on the assembling of Congress at the permanent seat of government, as well as the members of Congress on the prospect of a residence not to be changed, adding that although there was cause to apprehend that accommodations were not so complete as might be wished, yet there was great reason to believe that this inconvenience would cease with that session. As soon as he had retired, the Houses separated, and in each body a committee was appointed to draft an "Address to the President" in answer to his speech. The reports were duly made and adopted by the respective Houses. On November 26 the Senate, by appointment, waited on the President at the White House, and, through the medium of the President *pro tem.*, presented him with the Senate's address, to which he made a formal reply previously prepared. Thereupon the Senate returned to the Capitol with the manuscript of the President's reply, and before adjourning caused it to be read by the Clerk. The same procedure was followed by the House of Representatives. On the 27th the Speaker, attended by the House in a body, repaired to the President's house and delivered the "Address of the House," to which Adams responded. This tedious series of five formal speeches, all expressing the same sentiments, is notable as the last observance of one of the Federalist institutions; for Jefferson established the precedent, which has ever since been followed, of sending an annual message to Congress by the hand of a private secretary.

The diplomatic corps was very small in 1800, consisting of only four or five representatives, none of whom, so far as I can learn, became established in Washington or Georgetown prior to the year 1801, and even then they were reluctant to leave Philadelphia, with all its conveniences and social distractions. Robert Liston, the British minister, never resided at the new capital, but remained at his country home until the end of November, when he took leave, and the secretary of legation, Edward Thornton, became chargé, and under date of "Washington, 12th January, 1801," addressed his first note to the Secretary of State. The Spanish envoy, de Casa Yrujo, also came at an early date, and afterwards complained to Sir Augustus Foster of the difficulty he had experienced in producing "a decent dinner in the new capital without sending fifty or sixty miles for its materials." On the other hand, the Portuguese chargé, Joseph Rademaker, remained at Philadelphia as late as 1816.

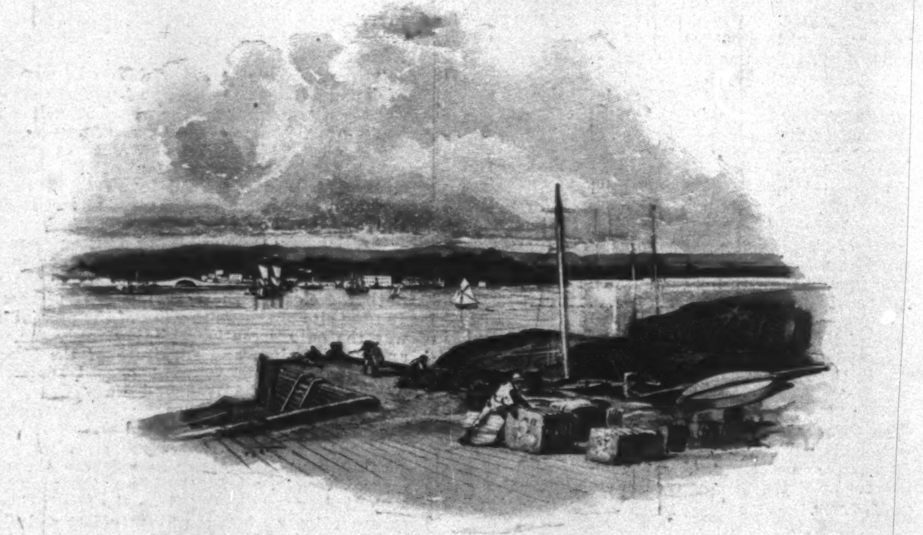
The first session of the Supreme Court of the United States was held in a room in the basement of the old north wing of the Capitol (exactly under its present quarters), on the second day of February, 1801. This event completed the removal of the three co-ordinate branches of the government.

Several of the governmental pioneers have left graphic pictures of the crude conditions which prevailed at Washington in 1800. For example, Secretary Wolcott, in the course of a letter to his wife, written from the Treasury Office on the Fourth of July, 1800, said:

"There is one good tavern about forty rods from the Capitol, and several other houses are built and erecting; but I do not perceive how the members of Congress can possibly secure lodgings, unless they will consent to live like scholars in a college, or monks in a monastery, crowded ten or twenty in one house, and utterly secluded from society. . . . There are, in fact, but few houses at any one place, and most of them small, miserable huts, which present an awful contrast to the public buildings. The people are poor, and as far as I can judge, they live like fishes, by eating each other. . . ."

The strong faith and optimism of the Father of Our Country as to the future of the city of Washington stand out in bold relief. Throughout the rancorous debates in Congress over the selection of the permanent seat of government, General Washington had constantly exerted an unobtrusive influence in favor of the banks of the Potomac, with whose natural advantages he had been familiar since boyhood. His was the guiding spirit in the adoption of the admirable plans for the development of the capital, and he watched the building operations with a loving interest.

A retrospective glance reveals marvellous changes. The straggling village of 3200 souls has become a prosperous city of 260,000 population, and the little departmental band of 125 officials, clerks, and messengers has swelled into an army of 18,000. If Senator Morris were alive to-day, his gentle scoffing would be turned to praise; for he would behold in the Washington of 1900 an urban model and continental centre of the arts and sciences, with its superb public buildings that represent an outlay of upwards of one hundred millions of dollars, its acres of palatial residences, its one hundred and twenty miles of broad asphalted streets, its wealth of beautiful parks, statues, fountains, and shade trees, and its admirable sanitary system.



**Washington, from the Potomac, in 1800.**

*From an Engraving by Richard Phillips, London, England, in possession of W. B. Brvan, of Washington.*

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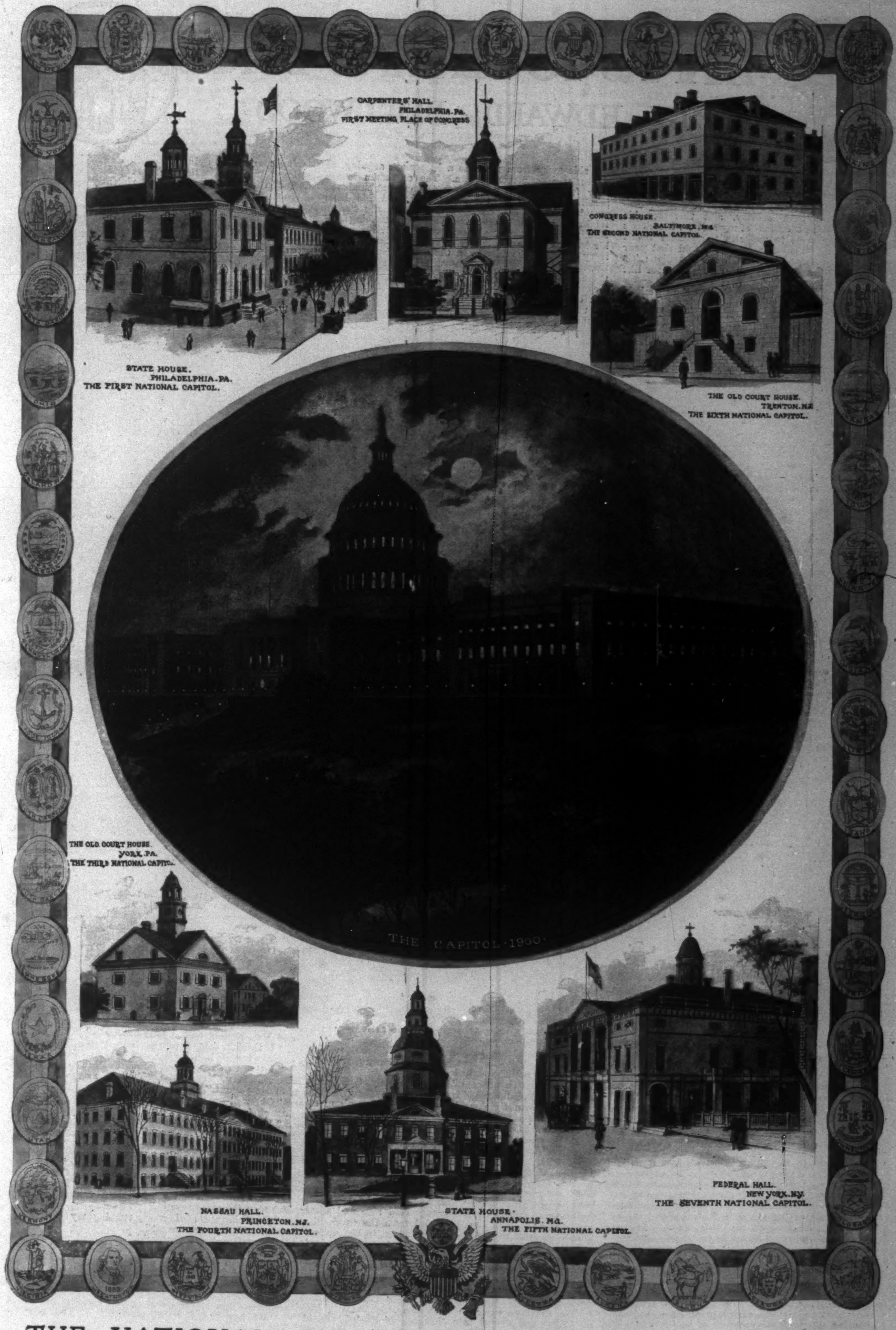
* The *Aurora* of Philadelphia in its issue of November 18, 1800, corroborates Mrs. Adams on this point, in the following item: "The President, since his residence at Washington, has been severely afflicted with the fever and ague."


CARPENTERS' HALL.
PHILADELPHIA. PA.
FIRST MEETING PLACE OF CONGRESS
CONGRESS HOUSE.
BALTIMORE, Md.
THE SECOND NATIONAL CAPITOL.
STATE HOUSE.
PHILADELPHIA. PA.
THE FIRST NATIONAL CAPITOL.
THE OLD COURT HOUSE.
TRENTON. N.J.
THE SIXTH NATIONAL CAPITOL.
THE OLD COURT HOUSE.
YORK. PA.
THE THIRD NATIONAL CAPITO
THE CAPITOL · 1900 ·
FEDERAL HALL.
NEW YORK. N.Y.
THE SEVENTH NATIONAL CAPITOL.
NASSAU HALL.
PRINCETON. N.J.
THE FOURTH NATIONAL CAPITOL.
STATE HOUSE ·
ANNAPOLIS. Md.
THE FIFTH NATIONAL CAPITOL.
1889

THE NATIONAL CAPITOLS OF THE UNITED STATES.

# THANKS TO BLAZING BURKE

## BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

### I

DESPITE his notorious looseness of living, my Lord Clancarty's manners were never otherwise than courtly, and therefore his sneering dismissal of my suit for his niece's hand came to me with the greater insult in it. 'Tis one thing to be told that your attentions are distasteful to the lady's guardian; 'tis another to be laughed at and jeered from the door like an impudent beggar.

"And yet, my lord," said I, turning on the threshold of his drawing-room, "I shall insist on this, that Miss Bellew loves me as I love her. You stand in the way of our happiness, and for no reason."

"No reason, egad!" exclaimed Clancarty, with a very ugly smile. "Do you put me to it, Mr. Erlton? We are used here in Dublin to men of courage, sir, not to boys lacking in gallant knowledge of the world. Shall I go on, then? You boast my ward's love for you, but her own word for it would better satisfy me. Do you wish me to believe that my sister's child gives her lively Irish heart to a laggard Englishman—a lack-lustre, milk-and-water—"

"My lord!"

"Ah, well, you should not have led me on." And then, with a laugh, "I wish you a pleasant voyage eastward, Mr. Erlton!"

I went to my lodgings in a black rage, the blacker because the nobleman, to my despondent way of thinking, spoke more than half truly. It was a laggard's part I played in this affair; my wooing was that of a peevish boy, every obstacle unnerved me, and milk-and-water, I thought bitterly, was as fiery brandy compared to the sulky spirit with which I faced the situation. If I could only prove to her guardian my fitness for her! But what to do I knew not, and I sat down to my last and solitary dinner in the Irish capital with Master Despair for a companion across the table.

Whether owing to reflection or Sneyd's claret, I arose in easier mind, and at six o'clock I drew my chair to the fire in the public-room of the Green Swan with a determination to weigh the possibilities of calling out Lord Clancarty for his jesting words. Luckily I did not proceed far on this silly train of thought. A tap-boy laid a bill of the play upon the table, and my eye caught the title, "Love Makes a Man." If love could make a man, assuredly I ought to know the method, and I set out accordingly for Smock Alley. The intrigues of Mr. Cibber's ingenious comedy would, perhaps, jog my invention to some action, and the announcement that the character of *Angelina* was to be supported by lovely Mrs. Ronald encouraged me to expect diversion from my melancholy.

In this, however, I was disappointed. I fretted uneasily through comedy and after-piece, and greeted the final fall of the baize with sullen relief. The witcheries of Betty Ronald, though she was the reigning toast of the town, failed to distract my mind from the thought of Rose Bellew and my unlucky passion; my temper was not good as I re-entered the tavern. And I was in this state when I discovered that I had left my gloves in the theatre.

The last straw in the fable was only a straw, but it determined the entire matter. The loss of my gloves was a ludicrous trifle, but it excited me to the pitch of surly vexation which neglects circumstances. More than that, it induced me, after midnight, to sally forth into the streets of Dublin, a region productive of queer happenings at that season.

### II

Though there was little enough chance that I could recover my gloves that night, I blundered through lane and cross-street in the direction of the playhouse, vaguely thankful of any employment to sink my moodiness. As I turned the corner of Smock Alley I came upon a coach and four, drawn close to the kerb. Two men were on the driver's seat, and another rough-looking fellow stood by a saddle-horse which was fastened by the bridle-rein to the rear wheel of the travelling carriage. I must involuntarily have slowed my pace as I strolled by, eying the equipage curiously, for the rascal afoot mistook me for one who had some interest in the business. He lurched forward, evidently well disguised in liquor.

"All's ready, save your honor," he hiccoughed.

"Whisht, you fool!" came from the box, in a warning whisper, and the man, realizing his error, drew back.

I pressed on to the theatre, but all was dark; no care-taker or watchman responded to my knock. A dim light showed, however, over what I conceived to be the stage door, where the performers go in and out, and, wondering whether some attendant there could recover my gloves for me, I hesitated beside the entrance. At that moment the door opened, and out came a woman, wrapped in a long red cloak. She looked about as if expecting some one, bestowed a brief and disappointed inspection upon me, and then, with a shrug of her shoulders, scurried down the street.

I had proceeded perhaps a hundred paces when I espied again the travelling carriage with which I had made a previous acquaintance. The horses were on a slow trot, and it was easily perceptible that some commotion attended the progress of the vehicle. The lamps were unlit. Both doors were aswing, and on the side away from me rode a horseman, arguing, or worse, with a person within. The coachman leaned over from his seat to witness the contest, and the postilion on one of the leaders screwed his head around to watch. As they drew nearer, a woman's frightened protests could be heard, but nothing distinctly until the door slammed and the driver raised his lash to strike the horses. On the instant the solitary figure of the actress in the scarlet cloak flashed through my brain. Whoever was in the coach was there obviously against her will. What impelled me I cannot say; call it chivalry, whim, curiosity, or what you choose, but as the carriage whirled by I popped in, unobserved, at the very moment when the horses jumped into a gallop and a second before the rider, reining now to my side of the coach, pushed this door to with the heavy handle of his whip. Off we went, swinging and jerking like a boat in a gale, and if the lady on the cushion beside me was one-half as alarmed as I, I could not be surprised at the sobs which I heard at intervals above the clattering of the wheels.

After muttering a few earnest curses on my precipitancy, I stretched out my hand, and encountered the flimsy material of a lady's sleeve. The owner thereof drew back with a sharp gasp, and then, for the first time, spoke.

"You coward!" she cried, "you bully! In your power I may be, but I promise you shall never tame me. You think I am an unarmed woman. Keep off your hands, or you shall learn to the contrary."

"Madam," I declared, retreating expeditiously to the end of the seat—"madam, you do me injustice. Whoever you are—and I seem to have heard your voice before—I mean you good, not harm."

The unknown gave a little sigh of relief.

"It is not he, then," she said, "but only one of his creatures. Are you a man, fellow, to be mixed in this foul business? Snake—villain—dog—keep off, I say!"

I had put forth a hand protestingly at these pleasant epithets, and there was a swish in the air as she struck at it. What her weapon might be I could not tell, but I had no mind to be stabbed, even with a hair-pin. Here was a vixen, with a pretty way of treating a gallant knight flying to her rescue!

"Softly, ma'am," I entreated, "softly, in Heaven's name!" And thereupon I explained my presence to her, giving her, as I hoped, sufficient assurance of my honesty. Finally an unmistakable ripple of laughter told me that she was pacified.

"Mr. Erlton, you are a brave man to come thus to a stranger's aid."

"Stranger!" said I, as gallantly as the bumping of the coach allowed. "Mrs. Ronald is a stranger to no one who is sensible to wit, genius, and beauty."

"I would drop you a great curtsy, sir," said she "if space permitted. But here is wit, genius, and beauty, if I must say it, in a very sorry case. They are abducting me, Mr. Erlton, for my sins, and I will die sooner—" Her fears revived and her voice trembled.

"Have no alarm," I said, with fine bravado. "You are quite safe in my care."

"I do not question your courage," she replied, "but the master of these rascals is a monstrous devil, and stops at nothing. Are you armed, Mr. Erlton?"

"No, madam. But you—"

"I have a dagger from the castle of Dunsinane—a stage weapon with a tin point. Listen—there are three desperate ruffians in our escort, and there will be more at the journey's end."

I shifted uneasily on the seat.

"Well, but this is nonsense," I declared. "Open the doors and cry out for the watch."

"I misdoubt that we are locked in," said Mrs. Ronald.

She suspected rightly; both doors were fast, and the shutters drawn and bolted from without. More than this, the noise I made in fumbling at them attracted the rear-guard, who rode alongside, and he shouted fiercely that it were best not to try that. When I subsided helplessly upon the cushion, the actress gave a laugh, albeit with no mirth in it.

"You see we are in a sad pickle, Mr. Erlton, for your pains. The powers grant no harm comes to you—but I would you had a pistol."

"I shall carry a brace," said I, grimly, "the very next time that I am kidnapped."

In the mean time we had been whirling along at terrific speed; the wheels of our chariot no longer rattled over the paving-stones of the city, and the sound instead was that of a rough country road. My companion would say little. I tried her as to the name of the instigator of this outrage, but she stubbornly refused to divulge the villain whom she suspected, there being as yet, she said, no proof. We both relapsed into despairing silence. Was there no way to help this unlucky lady? My fancy dwelt painfully upon the conclusion of my mad ride and what might happen then—to be hauled from the coach like a sack of meal by a gang of cutthroats, to be knocked on the head and flung into a ditch, fortunate indeed if I survived to become the laughing-stock of a town which dearly loves to laugh. Lord Clancarty's characterization of me stuck in my mind—"a laggard, a milk-and-water boy!" He was right, and I was a useless fool besides, and—

The carriage came to a sudden stop, with a jolt as if we had driven into the rock of Cashel. Amid some hoarse shouting a shot was fired, and the clattering sound of a flying horse died away in the distance. And then, after a short parley without, a door of the coach was wrenched violently open.

### III

A murky lantern-light disclosed the face of the tipsy fellow who had accosted me in the alley. Mrs. Ronald, who had been thrown on her knees by the shock of the stoppage, rose up, and in so doing screened me by her draperies from his observation.

"Come, your ladyship," said he, gruffly. "'Tis Mr. Burke, none less, has put the halt on us. He wants to sweeten his eyes with your face before we go on."

"Blazing Burke!" cried the lady. "Oh Lud, the highwayman!" and she collapsed again.

"On side, Tim, for your betters," spoke a voice behind him, and a tall, pale-faced man mounted to the carriage step.

"I am sorry to have interrupted this happy errand," said he. "In a manner of speaking, it's all in my own line of trade, we are, I see, fellow-workmen, and I shall molest you no further. My friend Tim has explained, and—who's that?"

His bright eyes dwindled to pin-points as he descried me, and he whipped out a pistol.

"Begorra, 'tis his honor!" broke out Tim, blankly. "I thought he was still a-horseback on the road. Whisper, Mr. Burke!"

They had a muttered colloquy, while poor Mrs. Ronald grasped my hand in an agony of terror. Could I have had my way, however, I would have trusted to the mercies of Blazing Burke rather than to what lay beyond, but while I was meditating how this might be contrived, the highwayman, with a sweeping wave of his slouch-hat, addressed us again.

"Pray drive on, sir," he said. "The road is open. I regret that I accidentally deprived you of the services of two of your servants."

"Ulick fell from the box with a shot in the head," cried Tim, "and Conn took to his heels, bad scran to him! He's in Dublin by this."

"Ah, well," added Burke, "in love and war, you know! Good-morning to your honor and lady, and all the pleasure in life."

So saying he withdrew, taking the light with him.

"Tim!" called I. "Tim, come here a moment." I muffled my mouth in the collar of my great-coat and spoke low. The postilion staggered to the door, rubbing his head.

"Do you know your orders?" I asked. "Repeat them, you drunken rascal."

"Your honor said," he mumbled, "once we had the lady in, to drive like the devil to Pete Kershaw's, and he's only a piece away now. And you would be ridin' a mile behind on the tracks."

"You're right," said I, "for a wonder. Get on the box in place of Ulick. But stop—I want to thank Mr. Burke for letting us pass. Where is he?"

Tim summoned him with drunken gravity.

"Mr. Burke," said I, when Tim was out of hearing, "I take this kindly."

"I know your honor only by reputation as a true man of spirit," he answered, "and I entreat your honor's favors."

"They are yours," I said, offering my hand, and wondering for whom he took me. "Look you! I shall prove my kindness quickly. I happen to know that on this road, a matter of twenty minutes behind, comes a certain man I hate as St. Patrick did the toads. He goes with his purse well lined, and to detain him would hurt him marvellously. Do you take?"

Blazing Burke smiled.

"I always need money," he said, "and, as it happens to-night, a good horse would not come amiss."

"He rides the best," I cried, not attempting to conceal my satisfaction. "But be on your guard—he will lie himself out of breath."

"He shall not lie to me with advantage," said the highwayman. "Drive on, Tim, and thank you, sir."

The postilion followed his advice with alacrity, and Mrs. Ronald took a long breath.

"I think," said I to the lady, "that your persecutor, whoever he may be, will be taken care of."

"I think so too," she replied, exultantly. "It was a clever turn, Mr. Erlton. You are as resourceful as you are gallant."

"Oh, well—a mere trifle," I protested. "But fair enough for a milk-and-water laggard."

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Ronald. "A laggard, say you? Dublin shall ring with this exploit, at a word from me, and as for that villain—"

"Let us hope he lives through it."

The actress chuckled. "Blazing Burke," she went on, "has a famous humor of knicking the edge of his victim's ears with a sharp knife. 'For remembrance,' he says, and marks them thus like sheep. I've seen the scars myself."

"Good heavens!" I cried, rubbing my ear caressingly. "What an escape!"

"I confess 'twas that which terrified me, for I've not even a shilling to lose."

"Nor I. But listen!"

I opened the carriage door. The night was turning whitish, and a thick morning mist came rolling along the hollows. Out of the distance came the sound of an altercation, a pistol-shot or two, then all was silent.

"He has it," I cried, gleefully. "And now for Tim."

Our swaying charioteer had pulled up his horses when he heard me at the door. I called him down, and when he saw my face, which now I did not try to conceal, I thought his bleary eyes would have started from their sockets.

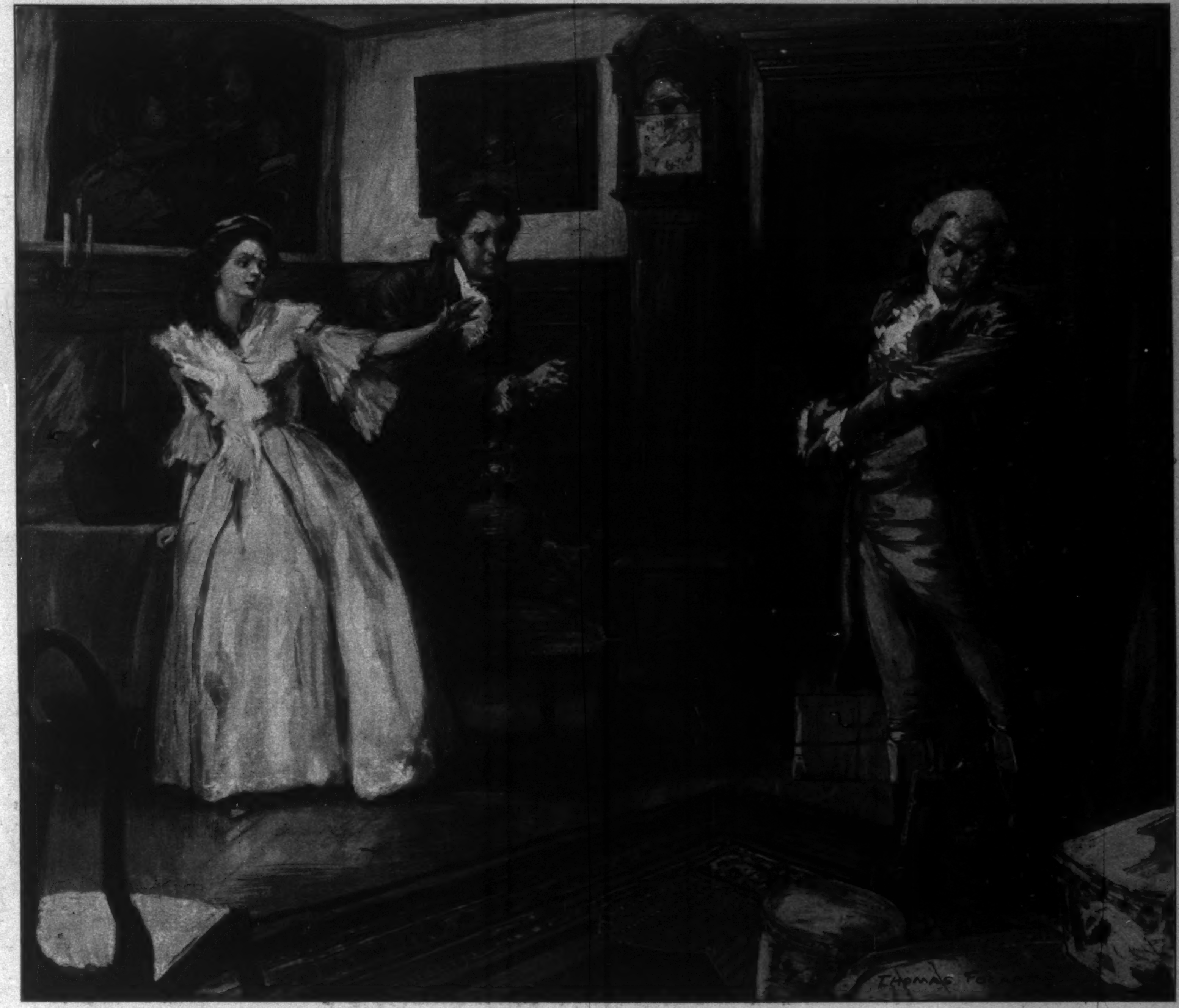
"Tim," said I, easily, "do you know a roundabout return to Dublin? We must not again encounter Mr. Blazing Burke."

"The saints be about us!" stammered the bewildered fellow. "And where's his honor, at all, at all?"

"That's no concern of yours," I cried, with decision. "Answer me."

If this rogue should turn against us I feared we might be undone. For all I knew, Kershaw and his gang were over the next rise of ground, or Conn was returning, or Squire Burke was persuaded of his mistake in my identity.

"Come now," he said; "I 'ain't seen the color of your honor's money." Then he grimaced impudently, and took a huge clasp-knife from his pocket. "It's no trick to cut the traces, and then—hurroo, but it's a lonely country hereabout."



"Look! 'Tis Blood upon your Coat!"

I clutched my empty purse desperately, and I remembered that Mrs. Ronald had just told me that she was penniless as I. There was no arguing with this brute as to the prospect of a future reward; money down was what he needed, and that quickly. He had taken a menacing step towards the horses when I felt that my companion had slipped something into my hand. I looked down; it was a diamond in a gold setting and as big as a butternut.

"Give it him," whispered Mrs. Ronald, "and tell him I have more of 'em and money for him at my lodgings in Cursitor Lane."

Tim stared at the great jewel, smelled it, tasted it, and was convinced. He made a low bow, climbed to his seat, and in a few minutes we had fetched a circle, and were rattling merrily on a by-road back to town.

"Paste, I suppose?" said I.

"It was that," laughed Mrs. Ronald. "A trophy from Queen Dido's diadem. How fortunate my property-bag was with me! And now, Mr. Erlton, I take it that the adventure is practically concluded."

## IV

At the time I was with Mrs. Ronald in this opinion, little guessing that the weightiest part of the episode had not yet transpired. We both dozed on our way to Dublin, and the lady's fervid thanks at her house door were tempered somewhat by sleepiness; but she promised at my request to say nothing to a soul as to what had happened. I vowed to pay my respects during the course of the afternoon, and so we parted.

It was now well into the forenoon. I had agreed to acquaint Miss Bellew with the result of my interview with her uncle, whatever it might be. Accordingly, I put my dress in some order, and proceeded to my Lord Clancarty's mansion, praying heartily that the nobleman himself and his sister might be invisible at this early hour. It was as I hoped, and I found my sweetheart alone and charming in her morning negligee.

Our conversation, as may be imagined, was disconsolate, especially for the fact that several travelling-boxes and packing-cases about the hall proclaimed the breaking up of Lord Clancarty's town establishment and the departure of the family to the country.

"We are suddenly off to Castle Lorry in Roscommon," said Rose, sadly. "My uncle is determined to separate us. But 'tis useless, Arthur, and I shall tell him so. Oh, were he here now—"

"What then?" said Lord Clancarty, sharply, stepping through a pair of swinging curtains. "Pardon my entrance unannounced. Mr. Erlton, this is, you will allow, a surprise to see you here. And Miss Bellew was saying—"

"Was saying this," cried the girl, as she laid her white hand impulsively upon his shoulder, "that your enmity to Mr. Erlton is so unfounded, so cruel, so—"

He shook off her hand and turned away. "Pray compose yourself," he said. "Mr. Erlton and I reached a settlement of the matter yesterday. Does the English packet sail to-night, sir?"

I was about to make a hot rejoinder, for I felt my temper slipping, when Rose, uttering a little cry of dismay, held up her five fingers.

"Look!" she exclaimed. "'Tis blood, uncle—blood upon your coat!"

"Yes," said he, raising a handkerchief hastily to his ear; "my rascal clipped me with a razor. I thought the bleeding had ceased."

My brains began to buzz tumultuously, and I darted a look at the other side of his lordship's head. There was a notch, tiny and raw, in the upper lobe of the ear, such as the space between the teeth of a saw. The thing seemed incredible, but, likely or not, I resolved upon the chance.

"Your lordship will be needing another valet," I said. "May I dare recommend one? Peter Kershaw he is called. This name, I admit, is against him. But would your lordship prefer a Ulick, a Conn, or a Tim?"

"Are you losing your wits?" cried Miss Bellew.

"Not at all," I continued, "although 'tis true I attended last night a performance by Mrs. Ronald which set me thinking. She was kind enough to say that my presence assisted her."

"I think you are crazy," said Rose.

"And what do you think, my lord?" I demanded.

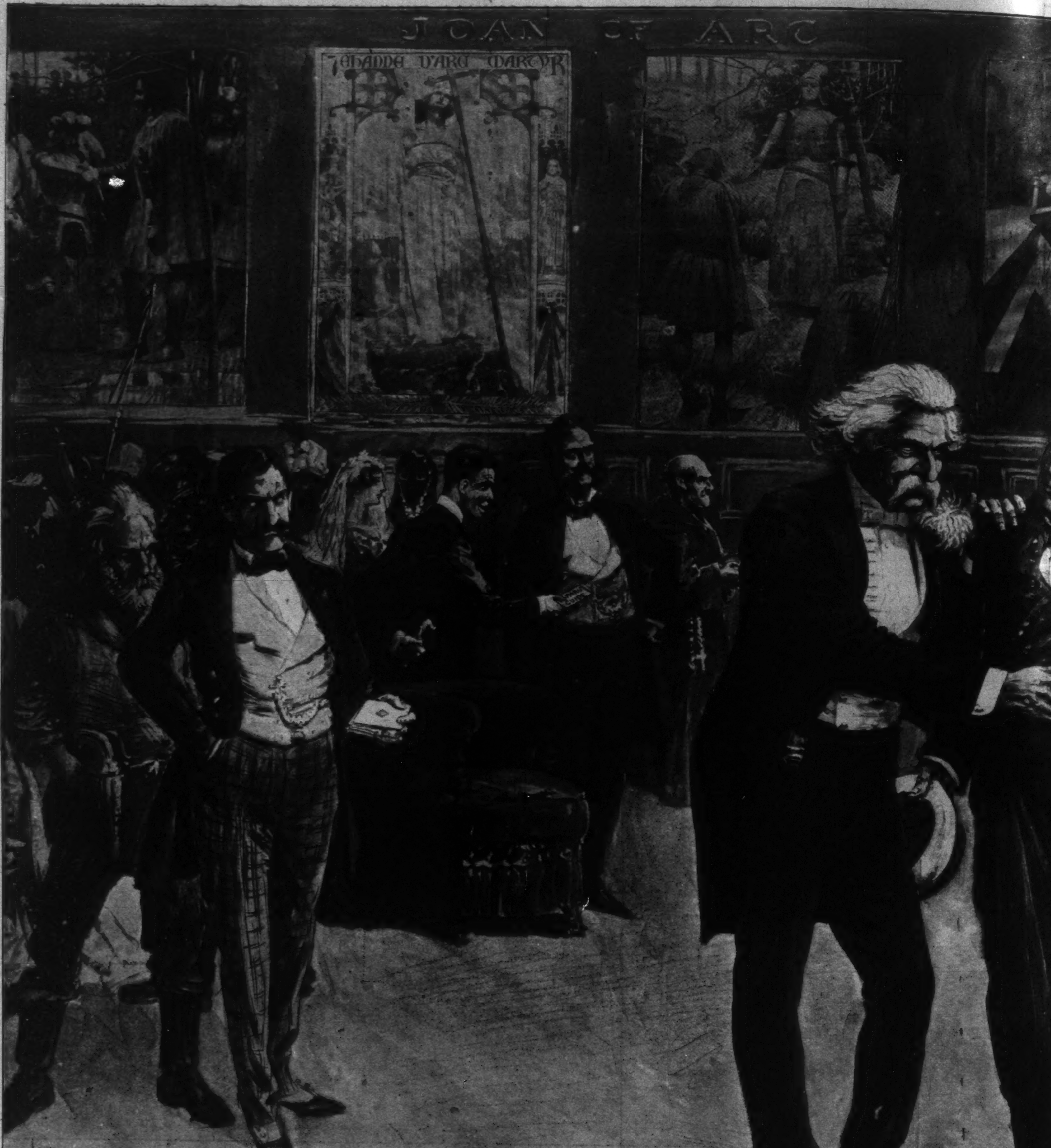
There was small reason to ask it. Hardly have I seen any man so overcome. His haughtiness dwindled; he looked at me imploringly; he came close to me and whispered.

"How far has this gone?" he said. "Who else knows of this folly?"

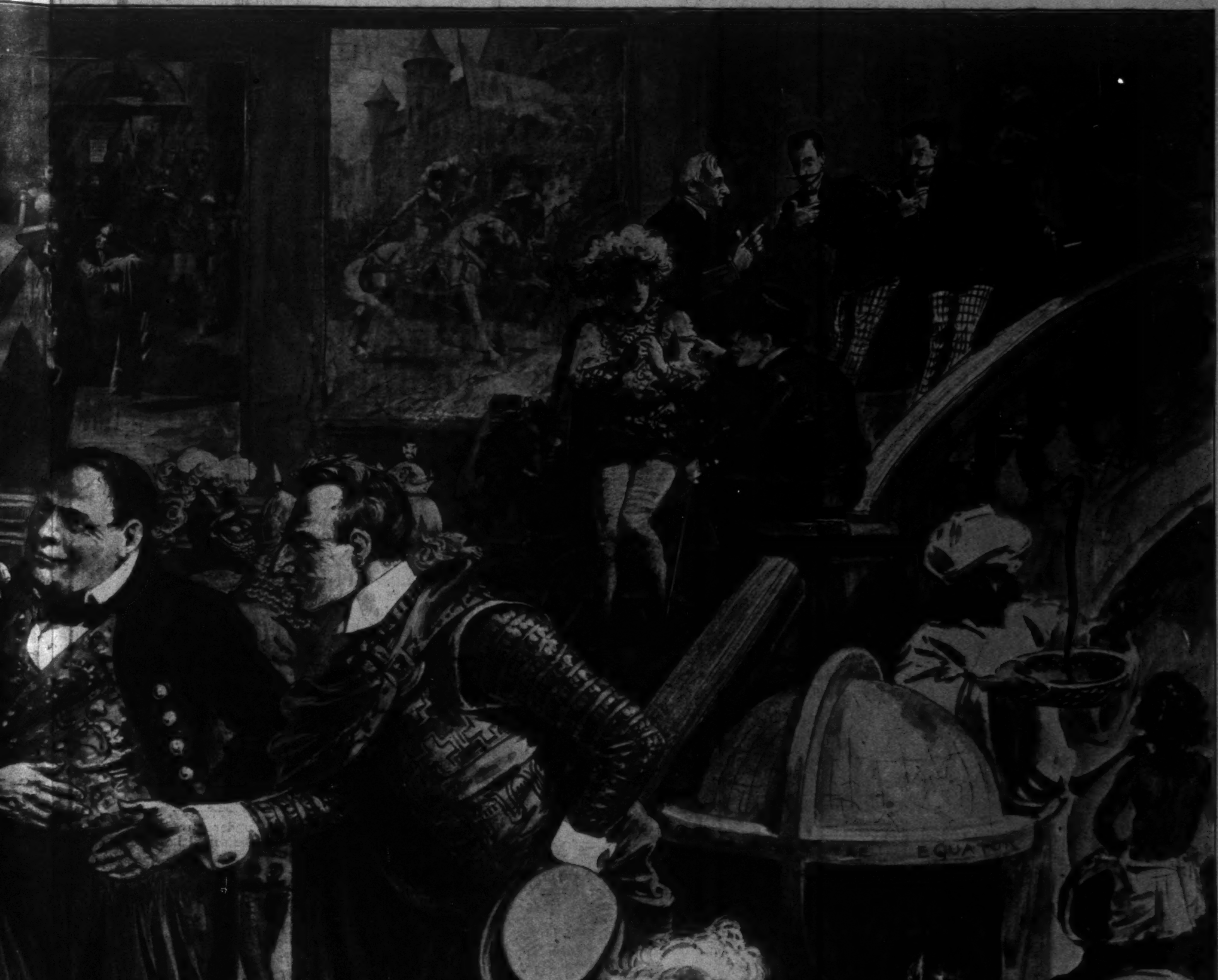
"Only Betty Ronald and I, beside your own rascal Tim. I should stop it short," I added, "and I should obtain the silence of the actress—were I honored with my lord's friendship. But, alas!—I am a laggard, a lack-lustre—"

He interrupted me with a "Have done, sir," straightened his shoulders, and glanced toward his niece, who had sunk, vastly puzzled, into an easy-chair.

"As I told you, Rose," said Lord Clancarty, with amazing calmness, "Mr. Erlton and I reached an agreement yesterday. He has promised to accompany us to Roscommon; and I trust, sir," he concluded, turning gravely to me, "that we shall make your stay at Castle Lorry agreeable. I bespeak your better acquaintance, Mr. Erlton."


JOAN OF ARC
Jehanne d'Arc Martyr
W. A. Rogers

A SURPRISE PARTY TO MARK



K TWAIN BY HIS CHARACTERS

# THIS BUSY WORLD

### BY E. S. MARTIN

We have acquired an interest in a new British duke, to wit, William Angus Drogo Montagu, ninth Duke of Manchester. It is only a sentimental interest, to be sure, but that is a good deal. His grace has married Miss Zimmerman, the daughter of Mr. Eugene Zimmerman, a rich and worthy citizen of Cincinnati, and the granddaughter of Abraham Evans, of West Liberty, Ohio. The duke's mother was Miss Yznaga, the daughter of Antonio Yznaga, of Louisiana, so that this branch of the Montagu family promises to be considerably enriched by American blood. The duke is twenty-four years old, and owns an inalienable equity in about 27,000 acres of British land, three country seats, a town house in London, and many valuable pictures. All these properties, however, are understood to be seriously encumbered with obligations to pay money. The young duke is a graduate of Eton and Cambridge, is a Tory, a Protestant, and an amateur actor, has a pretty taste for thousand-dollar bull-dogs, and is of pleasing address and appearance. The new duchess is a handsome young woman. She has brought her husband home for a visit, and they have gone travelling to Cincinnati and the South with her father.

The great American newspaper-reading public is always interested in these alliances of American girls with European gentlemen of title. With friendly curiosity we like to know in what state of repair our noble brother is, how much he owes, and what prospect there is that if duly financed he will stay paid up. We wonder, too, what the lady's family thinks about it, and whether, on the whole, it pays our girls to marry dukes. No case is known of an American father who wanted his daughter to marry a foreign nobleman. The ladies usually arrange these alliances, but the father in the end usually accedes to the inevitable, and does his part gracefully, taking pains merely to provide that his daughter's fortune shall be secured to her benefit and that of her heirs. We don't know whether Mr. Zimmerman is pleased to have a duke for a son-in-law or not, but the duchess's grandfather, Mr. Evans, has been heard from, and he speaks cheerfully of the peer, and is ready to welcome him into the family. Whether he is a good judge of dukes does not appear, but he has excellent judgment about horses, in which he traded extensively and profitably during the civil war.

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As to the general question of the expediency of investments in dukes and other peers, and attempts to domesticate them on the American plan, there is of course much to be said. The personal element is important, but perhaps not quite so comprehensively vital as it is in ordinary marriages, for the reason that if you are a rich girl and marry an ordinary man and he turns out to be worthless you have nothing to show for your money, whereas if you marry a duke and he ceases after a time to be a domestic comfort, you are still a duchess and may possibly get some solace out of that condition. In England being a duchess seems to be regarded as a good job. That in itself it should satisfy the heart or the conscience or the mind of a woman in whom those organs are fairly well developed is not to be expected, but in minor particulars no doubt it yields a good deal of remuneration. It is like holding office. You get to like it.

Then, there is the alternative to consider. Ohio girls who go to London and go into society there, as many have done, don't want to go back to Ohio. Ohio is not satisfying to ambition in the later stages of its fruition. It does not hold its own after they are fully grown. Any of us is willing to go and live in Ohio—to be born in Ohio, if necessary—until we grow up and are able to do better. But when we get rich enough or famous enough to indulge ourselves, off we go to some place where there are society and yachting. First the Ohio millionaire gets a private car and tries by that means to modify his environment so that it will do. But a private car won't satisfy a man long. That is why you find Ohio in New York, Washington, London, Paris, everywhere; even in Boston. That is why Ohio is always in such a fever to hold office. The State is a wonderful State, but it is two or three hours too far away. Buffalo seems to be as far away as persons who can choose are willing to live.

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The Ohio girl who has had a successful London season can't go back to Ohio. Ohio is no more lively enough for her than it is for Mr. Hay, Mr. Bellamy Storer, or Mr. Rockefeller. Some one suggests a peer to her. Very likely the peer suggests himself. It may be an ingratiating peer; for of course it is nonsense to suppose that peers—even those who have inherited encumbered estates—are necessarily repellent. At any rate, the lady looks with natural interest on the peer. We may imagine her saying, "There may be freckles on that peer, but, bless me, there are drawbacks to Ohio!" So maybe she takes the peer, and which of us is so free from feelings about Ohio as to throw the first stone?

It must be admitted, though, that this marrying of dukes, whether by Ohio girls or others, is a mere personal indulgence. There is no saving altruism about it; no high sense of consecration or sacrifice for a noble cause, that will make a bad bargain tolerable if it turns out to be worse than was expected. We watch these alliances with indulgent misgivings, combined with an acute sense of American commercial supremacy and our standing as a great world power.

One word more may be said on this subject. The natural thing for an impoverished young nobleman to do is to marry the richest young woman who will have him. When Englishmen of our day are driven to this expedient how very much better the outlook is for them than for their fathers in a like predicament! In Thackeray's day the London matrimonial market was stocked with begums from India, and girls from the West Indies with lips too thick to be pretty, and kinks in their hair, and minds pathetically inactive. But nowadays the girl who lifts the British mortgage comes from "the States," and is not only rich, but usually beautiful, well born of sound stock, well educated, and vigorous in mind and body. What a delight it would have been if Thackeray could only have lived to see and appreciate and describe the American girl in London!

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Thackeray's time, by-the-way, seems to Mr. Frederic Harrison a much more glorious period of the century than ours. Mr. Harrison has a discourse in the December *North American Review* on "Christianity at the Grave of the Nineteenth Century," which he might almost as well have named "The Nineteenth Century at the Grave of Christianity." The course of things in the world in this last quarter of the century greatly displeases and disheartens him. He professes the conviction—and hears the same confessed by the best men and women day by day—that "our immediate generation has been sinking of late to meaner ideals, to coarser ways of life, to more vulgar types of literature and art, to more open craving after wealth, and a more insolent assertion of pride and force." Things were better, he thinks, in the early and middle years of the century than now. Better men had better aspirations then, and better luck with them. Now we seem to him to be declining on "a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart" than of old. He seems to think it all began with Bismarck and the policy of "Blood and Iron." Bismarck waged a war that "paid" commercially and was followed by unexampled national prosperity. The example was contagious. British imperialism under Disraeli followed, and all Europe fell in line to grab what it could of the earth. He specifies what followed, and finds as a consequence "the universal dying down of high standards of life, of generous ideals, of healthy tastes—the recrudescence of coarse, covetous, arrogant, and braggart passions." The Christian church, as he sees it in England, seems to him to be entirely swamped by the influences of the hour. Its priesthood he calls "a sort of black police that has to stand by the government, right or wrong." He is a sort of minister himself, for he is chairman of the Positivist committee in London, and he calls on the professors of his own school, to those who profess the faith in humanity, "to preach the gospel of peace, which the apostate preachers of Christ have turned into a byword and made a war-cry."

There is probably more virtue in the world than Mr. Harrison takes note of, but to many observers might and right seem nowadays to be ominously confused, and this Comptist jeremiade will find many sympathetic readers. Even in such a surging progress of commercial prosperity as we look on at in New York to-day there is something disquieting, and doubtless there are those whom the daily rise in Standard Oil stock prices affects somewhat as one is affected who reads in Mr. Howells's story of the gathering folds of fat on the neck of Bartley Hubbard as he gradually slipped down into the trough of coarse pleasures. If nations were subject to revivals of religion and changes of heart, one would say that the times were ripe for their conversion. But they don't have these spiritual experiences. Individuals have them. What nations have to humble them is panics and hard times, and none are in sight, for us at least, as yet.

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Oscar Wilde is dead. Poor Bunthorne! To think that farce should have come to such dismal tragedy! He had a pretty talent, and doubtless started with honorable aspirations. The world he could not edify he was content to divert with profitable fooleries. Unhappily, he fooled so long and so successfully that he forgot that there were any details of conduct which were taken seriously, and that society, careless of so much that belongs to righteousness, has still steel fingers beneath a velvet touch. By what processes of degeneration he sank down from self-respect through various strata of abasement into the black ooze of London mire will be too well remembered. Poor creature! If there is any advantage in an experience of retribution in this life he certainly had it. What a clearing out there has been of the London notables whom his name recalls! Du Maurier, who caricatured him, is gone; Sullivan, to whose music Bunthorne postured, is gone. The Langtry, who belongs to the same period, though not to the same group, has separated, the papers tell us, from the young husband whom she married last year. It makes the aging philosopher sigh and wonder which line of Horace best applies.

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The New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor has issued its fifty-seventh annual report, and asks for $66,000 to continue its work for another year and to take care of a deficit of $9000 in last year's accounts. Checks or money for its support may be sent to Robert S. Minturn, treasurer, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York. The work of the association is exceedingly useful, and its funds are expended with care, intelligence, and economy. It has no resources except such funds as it receives from the public. Last year it helped 3704 families and 881 homeless men and women. It maintains Hartley Home with its fifty classes and clubs, and the People's Baths at No. 9 Centre Market Place. In summer it carries on a Fresh Air work, for the furtherance of which it owns a place on Coney Island. It is constantly at work, too, on the great tenement-house problem. The personal service that is given by the workers in this association is probably worth more than the money it distributes, but due provision of money is essential to make the personal service efficient and effectual.

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There is a beer scare in Manchester, England, of which it behooves all brewers and beer-drinkers to take notice. Beer ought to be made of malt and hops, but malt and hops are dear, and what the average beer-drinker most desires is that beer should be cheap. To satisfy this natural requirement of the beer-drinker and still reap a satisfactory profit from the sale of beer, the brewers are everywhere tempted to use cheaper substances than malt and hops to make their beer of. The Manchester brewers, it seems, have been using glucose, into the manufacture of which sulphuric acid enters. The sulphuric acid used in England is made of pyrites which come from Spain, and the pyrites contain arsenic. The upshot has been that arsenic in unusual quantities got into the Manchester beer, with the result that thousands of beer-drinkers in that town and its vicinity have been poisoned; many have been made very ill, some have died, and hundreds of thousands of gallons of beer have been poured by brewers into the sewers of Manchester and also of Liverpool. The result is likely to be greater caution on the part of British brewers, and, perhaps, government inspection.

No such violent results are known to have followed the use of American beer, but it is believed that our beer is not as good as it was ten years ago, and that other substances besides malt and hops enter freely into the composition of most of it. Persons nowadays who want good beer or none drink German beer, which costs about twice as much as ours and is thought to be about twice as wholesome. Persons who approve of it say that it is better and more trustworthy, largely because the German brewers are under careful government inspection, and have to make sound beer out of sound materials.

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A Milwaukee brewer, Mr. Hagemeister, has been quoted as saying that the American breweries are no longer making fortunes for their owners, and that the golden age of American brewing is past, for the reason that the beer-consuming folk in this country are taking more and more to drink their beer at home and less and less in saloons. Men who drink at home drink less and stop when they have had enough, and the breweries feel the difference.

It is very much to be hoped that Mr. Hagemeister's conclusions are well founded. In England beer-selling is in a curious state. It has been the policy there for many years to issue very few new ale-house licenses, but to continue such as were not abused. Population has increased without a corresponding increase in the number of licenses. Consequently, the existing licenses have become very valuable, and most of them have been bought up by breweries, which thus own a practical monopoly of the retail liquor business. This is not satisfactory, either from the stand-point of temperance or of economics, and a movement is afoot, in which the Bishop of Chester is a leader, to organize the retail business as a public trust, and have it administered by the government, somewhat in accordance with the Tillman plan in South Carolina. To have intoxicants sold, as postage-stamps are, by agents who are not vitally concerned whether they sell much or little is in itself a good plan. Whether its advantages can ever outweigh its drawbacks in practical operation is another question.

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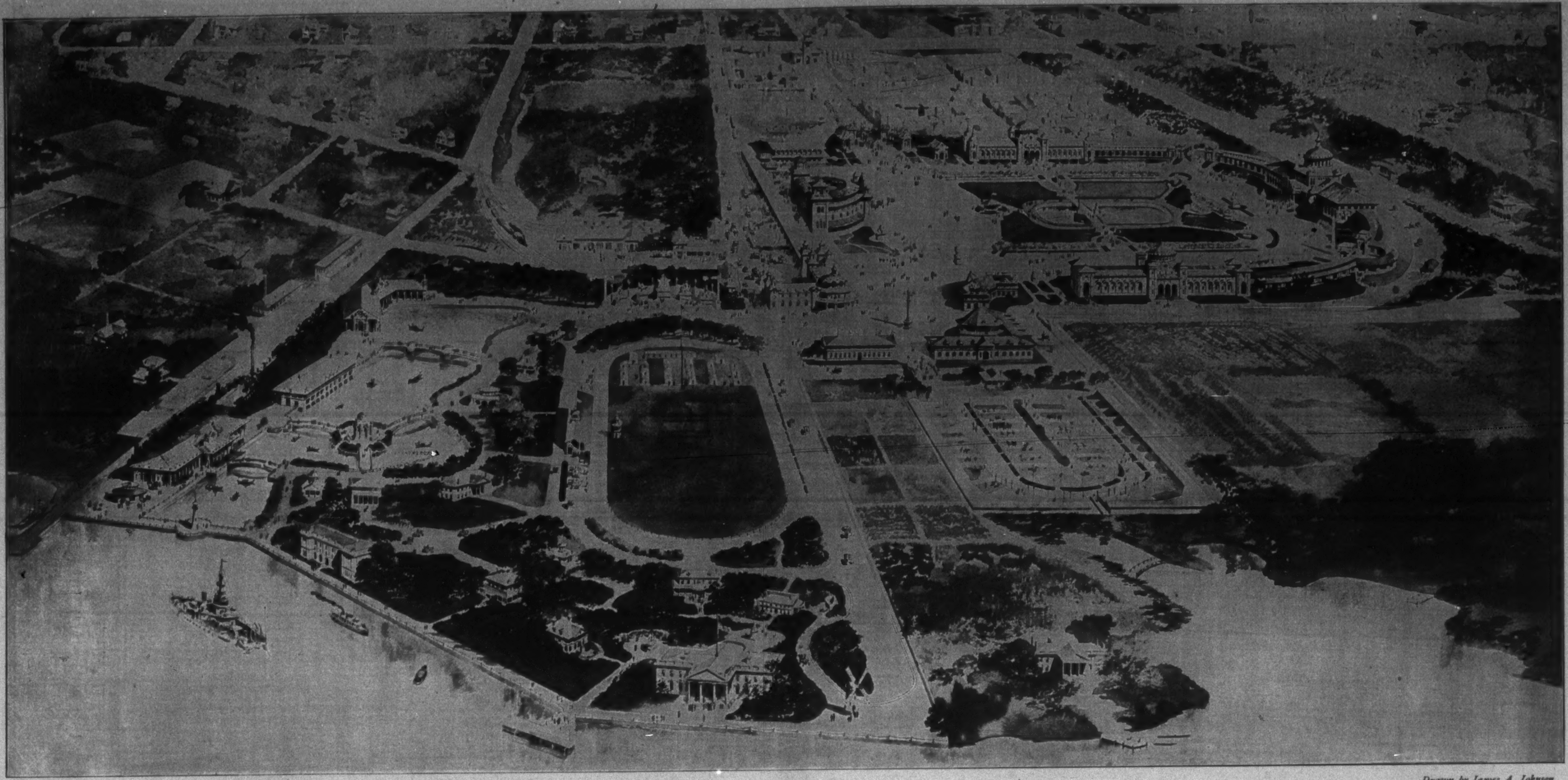
The corporation of Yale has offered to educate free of charge five Filipinos, provided that Judge Taft of the Philippines Commission can find so many of suitable age, character, and mental qualifications. Judge Taft, as will be recalled, is himself a Yale graduate, and will try, no doubt, to forward to his *alma mater* men fit to work on. From what we know of contemporary conditions in the Philippines, the suspicion seems warranted that young Filipinos who are favorable to American control in the Philippines will be safer for the present in New Haven than in Manila. The Yale corporation hopes by doing some pioneer work in training Filipinos to set an example that other American universities will emulate, with the result that there will be done for the Filipinos such a work of education as has been done during the last twenty years for Chinese and Japanese. That the other universities are equally ready, and indeed not waiting for examples, appears from a Washington despatch which says that fifty colleges which have been sounded by Civil Service Commissioner Proctor have agreed to accept Filipino students who are brought to this country for education, and that four colleges of the fifty have agreed to defray the expenses of the Filipino students sent to them.



*Drawn by James A. Johnson.*

# BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PROPOSED EXPOSITION TO BE HELD IN CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, IN 1902.

THE purpose of the Charleston Fair is expressed in its name, "The South Carolina Inter-State and West Indian Exposition." The primary purpose is to advertise the progress of South Carolina and its neighbors, and their eligibility as fields for investment; the second, to advertise the advantages of Charleston as the natural port for the West-Indian trade, which is much more important in prospect than in actuality. The interest in the proposed fair is thus particularly strong among the business men of Charleston, and indeed of the State, the South Carolina Legislature having come early to the promotion of the project. The United States Senate at the last session passed an appropriation of $250,000 for a government exhibit, which failed in the House, but is expected to succeed there this year.

The site of the fair is a tract of 250 acres on the Ashley River, above the city, and bearing something the same relation to it that Kings Bridge bears to New York. As the illustration shows, it is divided by nature into two distinct parts. This division it is proposed to emphasize by art, through the construction of a lake of some thirty acres, in which will stand the "Electrical Island." The part upon the shore of the river is occupied by a grove of old live-oaks surrounding a fine Colonial mansion. This mansion is to be utilized as the Woman's Building, and the buildings of States and cities are to be arranged through the grove, with the Government Building and the Art Building at its edge, thus recalling somewhat the "Lagoon" at Chicago, with the additional advantage of the trees which cannot be improvised. On the outer shore of the artificial lake are placed, for reasons of practical convenience as well as of architectural effect, the buildings of Machinery and Transportation.

The formal and symmetrical display consists of a plaza, spread upon a flat plain, inland from the informal park already described. Although some 1200 feet by 900, this plaza is bordered by but four buildings. At one end is the Auditorium, capable of holding 6000 people; at the other end is the Cotton Palace, while the buildings of Commerce and Agriculture line the two long sides, and, with the colonnades which connect them with the Cotton Palace, form a continuous frontage along three sides.

Probably almost any competent architect who might have been chosen would have come to the same conclusion evidently arrived at by the architect-in-chief of the Charleston Exposition, Mr. Bradford L. Gilbert. That is that, considering the scene, the special purposes of the fair, and the materials at command—pine and plaster—he really had no choice as to "style," but was in effect compelled to adopt a version of the Spanish Renaissance, which is also the vernacular architecture of Mexico and the West Indies. The red-tiled roofs, the projecting eaves, the ample, frequent colonnades, which are suggested by the style, are appropriate also to the climate. The white fronts suggest some relief by color, and sculptural embellishments are relied upon for buildings and grounds, of which it is expected to obtain many from the Pan-American at Buffalo, which goes out of existence just as the Charleston Exposition comes in, in December, 1901. With its Spanish architecture, framed in live-oaks and palmettoes, its lake and its sunken gardens, the Charleston Fair ought to be very well worth visiting.

# THE DRAMA

## BY LAWRENCE REAMER

SARAH BERNHARDT has fairly deserved to be called the greatest actress of her period from the time her talents were known beyond the limits of the Comédie Française. Only one other woman has come within measurable rivalry, and the French actress has proved herself incomparable in so many fields of her art that the greater honors seem justly hers. In comedy and the severe tragedy of the classic French authors, in modern drama and the pseudo-tragedy of the contemporary French writers, she has triumphed equally, and her virtuosity seems to know no limits. Her genius has illuminated some of the rôles in which she has appeared more brilliantly than others; but in the vast range of her répertoire there could never be found one that would not show in some scene the effect of her matchless and unique art. Since she came to this country first, nearly a score of years ago, she has returned several times, always to find the same acknowledgment of her art and to awaken the same note of jubilant praise that has been sounded the world over when she appears. Returning now after an absence of five years, Madame Bernhardt has been met with a degree of warmth that neither her first visit nor any of its immediate successors ever aroused. Either a new generation of theatre-goers that knows only her name and is eager to come under the influence of her genius has grown up or the desire of her old admirers to see her again is greater than it ever was before. There could probably be no more eloquent tribute to the genius of the woman than her ability to come back here after a score of years and be more appreciated than she ever was.

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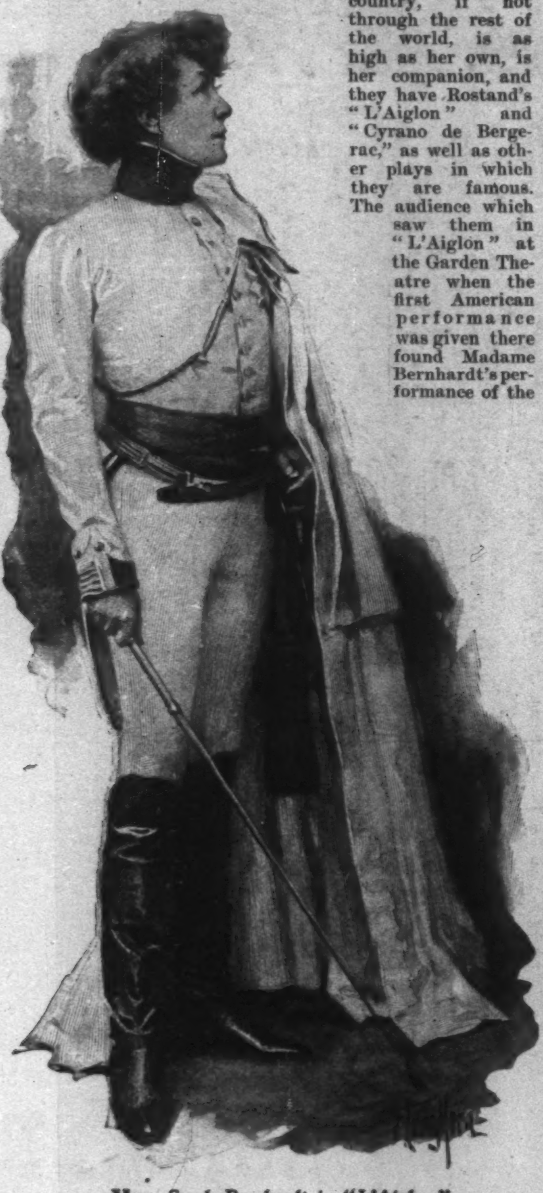
SHE comes this time in worthy company, for Constant Coquelin, whose place in the art of his own country, if not through the rest of the world, is as high as her own, is her companion, and they have Rostand's "L'Aiglon" and "Cyrano de Bergerac," as well as other plays in which they are famous. The audience which saw them in "L'Aiglon" at the Garden Theatre when the first American performance was given there found Madame Bernhardt's performance of the unhappy Bonaparte eaglet surprising in its illusion of masculinity and amazingly youthful, once the face was lit by the varying expressions that passed so quickly over it. It would be absurd to say that on her first appearance she looked like a youth of twenty or more, but once in the emotions of the rôle, there is no further thought of the woman, who is merged completely into the ambitious weakling and remains to the eye and ear identified with the character until the end. If there has been noticeable a change in any particular, it is in the voice, which seems to lack now its old resonance, and is made powerful in the exacting scenes of the play not by drawing on the depths of its tone, but by intensifying that quality which has become so familiar to persons who have seen her in the Sardou plays. Only in this detail is there to be observed the slightest decline in her power.



Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in "L'Aiglon."

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IN the scene of the field of Wagram, where the visions of the wounded and dying appear to the imagination of the eaglet, Madame Bernhardt has the greatest opportunity for her tragic powers, and wonderfully vivid and moving it is. The pathos of the death scene is nearly in the same degree to be expected only of Madame Bernhardt, for no other woman on the stage has such exquisite pathos in her voice and look. In the interview with her tutor, when the feeble little prince shows such a knowledge of his father's victories; in the Metternich episode, when, in despair at his own weakness, he destroys the mirror that reflects his features; when the letters of admiring women are brought to him—all of these were played with the French woman's wonderful art and irresistible personal magnetism. These qualities will be more enjoyable to some persons when she does not assume man's dress. Her femininity, always so much of her charm, is necessarily obscured. But the greatness of the performance is not to be disputed, and as a *tour de force* it is probably greater than anything she has ever done in her career. M. Coquelin's portrayal of *Flambeau*, the faithful Bonaparte soldier, lacks only the dignity that could come from greater physical strength. His diction is a delight, and none of the humor of the rôle escapes him. His death at Wagram is a touching prelude to the thrilling moments that follow.

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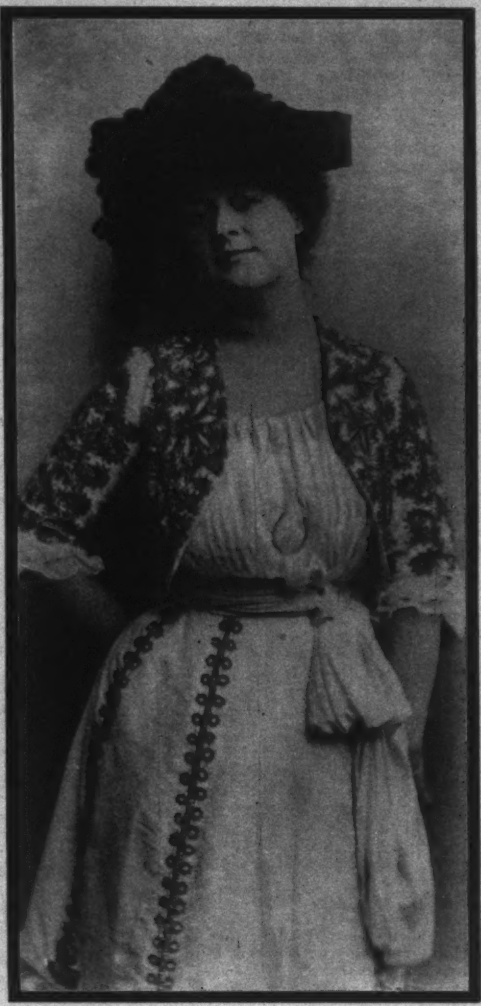
THE cause of success in English musical farce is not always easy to understand, and observers have sometimes gazed in astonishment at the vogue that comes to stupid text, and music even too uninspired for the kind of language it illustrates. Honors have usually in the past been equally divided between these two elements in such a production, but this cannot be said about "Florodora," now at the Casino. Like similar London imports, it is the work of several men, but its success is altogether due to the score which Leslie Stuart has provided. Americans have had a slight acquaintance with this composer in the past through "Louisiana Lou" and other ditties of the same character. His first complete score was used for "Florodora," and to its commonplace charm is altogether due the favor shown to this latest work. The music is of the customarily trivial kind, but it has a little more sprightliness and grace, a little more melody and piquancy, than any of the scores heard since "The Geisha." It rarely happens that the causes of success may be so readily named as in "Florodora," nor is it frequently so apparent in what particulars weakness lies. The book of this new musical farce deals vaguely with a perfume made from plants found on one of the Philippine Islands and some other subjects more or less remotely connected with this same matter and place. There is very little ingenuity in the way the incidents of the piece are unfolded, and the comic episodes it contains are below the average.

They are quite as much the result of labor as these scenes usually are. It is one of the milder diversions of such entertainments to observe the way in which the authors have struggled to gain their effects. Here a scene has plainly been written in to relieve a stretch of tedium. There a dance has been added and a chorus introduced. All but one of these methods seem to have been abandoned when "Florodora" was created. Only the songs were relied on. Whenever the librettists lost courage and the stage-manager's invention dried up, the composer was called in. Fortunately he is a new man in his field, and his talents were equal to the demand on them, continuous as it was.

He has cheerfully overladen "Florodora" with music, and through its neat and piquant flow the text rarely obtrudes. When the dry spots come, they are in reality tedious enough. But they are scarce. The extravagant and erring action of the piece, which seems even a little more diffuse than usual, is so often interrupted by dance or chorus that its vagaries are lost sight of. If the music had not been so much superior to the text, this method of building a musical farce employed in "Florodora" might not have been nearly so successful as it has proved. Mr. Stuart's inspiration held out, however, and he has kept Owen Hall's text and action enough out of sight to create a prosperous entertainment.



Miss Fannie Johnston in "Florodora."

THE evolutions of the dancers are marked by the same ingenuity that all these London productions possess. The men and women progress through manœuvres gracefully devised, and executed with a deference to the polite taste supposed to dominate all these performances. Such evolutions are indeed a novelty at the Casino, where somewhat greater frankness has usually been observed and the skirt has never been thought more alluring than tricot. There is a certain London smartness about the lyrics occasionally, but not as much as might have been expected, when it is remembered that they were written by an expert called in for the purpose. It is not a fortunate characteristic of the performance that the supply of voices is very meagre for a work that depends altogether for music on its success. To have songs and no voices is a disadvantage. But some of the music is made valuable, especially by the choruses, and there is ample comeliness to delight the eye. And Willie Edouin, a popular comedian years ago, has returned here after a long sojourn in England, as an object-lesson in the remarkable changes that the methods in comic acting may undergo. He represents to-day all the freshness, spontaneity, and humor associated in mournful recollection with British burlesque in the seventies. It is Mr. Edouin who possibly suggests more strongly than anything else in "Florodora" the wonder that no American manager has yet been courageous enough to abbreviate heroically these London productions. Here they appeal to only the public seeking diversion for an hour or two in the theatre. Audiences desiring serious dramatic entertainment keep away from them. In London, on the contrary, they must be so arranged as to satisfy the occupants of the pit, who have come for a session of several hours in the theatre, as well as those who are satisfied with a shorter sojourn in other parts of the house. No such institution as the London pit exists here. Gallery audiences are not in the least similar.

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IF the personages in Walter Frith's "A Man of Forty," with which the season of Daniel Frohman's stock company began at Daly's, had not been so well disguised, their origin would immediately have been recognized. As it is, their actions soon make it plain where they really belong. The ordinary British novel of commerce gave them birth, and their thin veneer of smartness does not conceal the qualities which are all of the kind so popular in the fiction intended for middle-class perusal. The woman who leaves her husband and is about to marry a member of Parliament when her deceit is discovered; the young society woman with an ambition toward amorous intrigue; the heiress in love with a man whom her father does not approve—all these types have been taken from the school of romance so dear to British readers, and their transformation is not complete enough to make them appear anything else. The men and women of the play talk epigrammatically in the London drawling way, and they all wear remarkably fine clothes. But the change is only skin-deep. Much of this atmosphere is gained at Daly's by the polite manner in which the play is acted, and doubtless the same element had much to do with whatever success it enjoyed in London. It cannot be denied that Mr. Frith, who is a young dramatist, writes crisp and agreeable dialogue, and shows in one scene strong dramatic instinct. He will probably never in the future select such uninspiring material as he has employed in "A Man of Forty," which escapes the merely sensational character of melodrama only through the skill with which the young writer has treated it. Under any other circumstances the story of "A Man of Forty" could have been made to serve only in the least sensational play.

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THE one scene that shows Mr. Frith's promise most strikingly ends in the death from heart-disease of the heroine's first husband. She has deserted him, a bribed witness has declared him dead, and the woman is to marry again. The perjurer regrets her share in the plot, and confesses. The betrothed is shocked at the deception played on him, and when the former husband, now a suitor for his daughter's hand, enters the room, he charges him with a share in the guilt. The two men struggle slightly, and the exertion brings on an attack of heart-disease, which kills the woman's former husband and leaves her free to marry the man she has loved. This scene has been so expertly wrought by Mr. Frith that he may really be hailed as a dramatist from whom much may be expected. His humor as the characters and their speeches reveal it is fresh and natural, and his taste is at fault only in the selection of a theme that involves such a relation as that existing between the daughter of the heroine's lover and her own husband whom she has deserted. These two are sentimentally interested, and that incident will do more than anything else to prevent any popular success for the drama. Filial and sentimental relations can never be suggested together when the appeal must be made to an American, or, for that matter, an English, audience. The company at Daly's still includes John Mason, Edward Morgan, William Courtenay, Grant Stewart, Hilda Spong, and Bessie Tyrel. Cecilia Loftus, more readily known in the past by a less formal Christian name, has taken her place in the company, and given no signs that she has a right to be there unless her talents develop greatly, and J. L. Finney is seen for the first time in the company, acting quite as well as possible an unimportant rôle that makes no great demand on his powers. All of the other actors are quite as good as they usually are, and Mr. Morgan's marked peculiarities of manner seem a little less noticeable than usual.

# *Our Illustrations*

## THE DISASTER AT GUAM

ON the morning of November 13 a typhoon swept over the island of Guam, demolishing most of the dwelling-houses in the settlements, and killing a number of people. The U. S. cruiser *Yosemite*, which lay in the harbor of San Luis d'Apra, dragged her anchors and was driven aground near a dangerous reef. Her bows were crushed in, but the crew managed to get the vessel off, and as soon as enough steam was up the war-ship put out to sea. She was blown off the land, and as she was rapidly taking water all hope of saving her was abandoned. A sea-anchor was thrown out, however, and the vessel drifted in this manner until six o'clock in the evening, when she was found to be sixty miles away from the island. After the storm had abated, the U. S. collier *Justin*, whose anchor chains had held, put out to sea in search of the *Yosemite*. The two ships met on the afternoon of November 15, and the *Justin* made an attempt to tow the *Yosemite* back to Guam. This was found impossible, however, and the cruiser was scuttled, her entire crew being taken on board the *Justin*. Among the more important buildings of the island which were greatly injured was the Government Building. The photographs on page 1206 were taken by a correspondent of HARPER'S WEEKLY, only recently returned from the island.

## MARK TWAIN AND HIS CHARACTERS

WHEN Mark Twain returned from Europe several years ago one of the first things he did was to attend a performance of Mr. Frank Mayo's dramatization of *Pudd'nhead Wilson*. Mr. Clemens enjoyed the performance very much, principally because it showed to him an embodiment in the flesh of so many of the creatures of his fancy. He was especially pleased with the presentment of the old Sheriff Blake. In the double-page illustration which appears in this number, Mark Twain is shown leaning on the shoulder of the genial sheriff and extending his hand to the Yankee at King Arthur's Court. Back of the Yankee, Tom Sawyer is seen tickling the Jumping Frog. Sitting on the newel-post is Huckleberry Finn chaffing the Prince and the Pauper. Behind them stands Pudd'nhead Wilson explaining his theory of thumb-marks to the Twins. On the other side of the picture stands the Doctor of *Innocents Abroad* fame, listening to some cheerful proposition from the ubiquitous Ferguson. Further to the left are two characters from *Roughing It* and *Life on the Mississippi*—the Gambler and the Miner. On the walls of this palatial apartment in which the welcome is being given to Mark Twain by his characters are hung tapestries which will readily be recognized as scenes from *Joan of Arc*.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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Is the trying time in baby's life. Proper feeding then is most essential. To secure uniformity of diet use Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Book, "Babies," free. Borden's Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

TELEPHONE SERVICE AT YOUR RESIDENCE puts the entire organization of a great city at your fingers' ends. Message Rates. Standard equipment. NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO., 15 Dey Street.—[*Adv.*]

ABBOTT'S, the Original Angostura Bitters, restores the fickle appetite, strengthens the digestive organs—makes life worth living. At grocers' and druggists'. —[*Adv.*]

ORDER of the AMERICAN WINE CO., of St. Louis, if your grocer don't keep COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE.—[*Adv.*]

RESTORE your vitality by the use of DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY.
THERE is individuality in things as well as in persons, an article becomes unique by being the only one of its kind or the best of its kind, and is singled out for certain characteristics which establishes it as a leader. HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE is ten years old. Its individuality consists in its being the most perfect type of the purest and best American Gentleman's Whiskey. What is specifically its highest merit is that its quality is always uniform in age and flavor, and its purity is the result of the natural maturing of the richest alcoholic spirits. It is for this reason that it never deceives, never disappoints, and, as it satisfies all, it is recognized as of the very highest type and standard. For health and hospitality, for cheer and comfort, and for all uses where alcoholic stimulant is required or prescribed, it will be found to be all that it is represented, and upon this its success is founded, and its reputation as the purest and most reliable whiskey will be maintained invariably. For all needs of the holiday season HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE is unexcelled.—[*Adv.*]

## ADVERTISEMENTS

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AND FINDS IT MORE PLEASING
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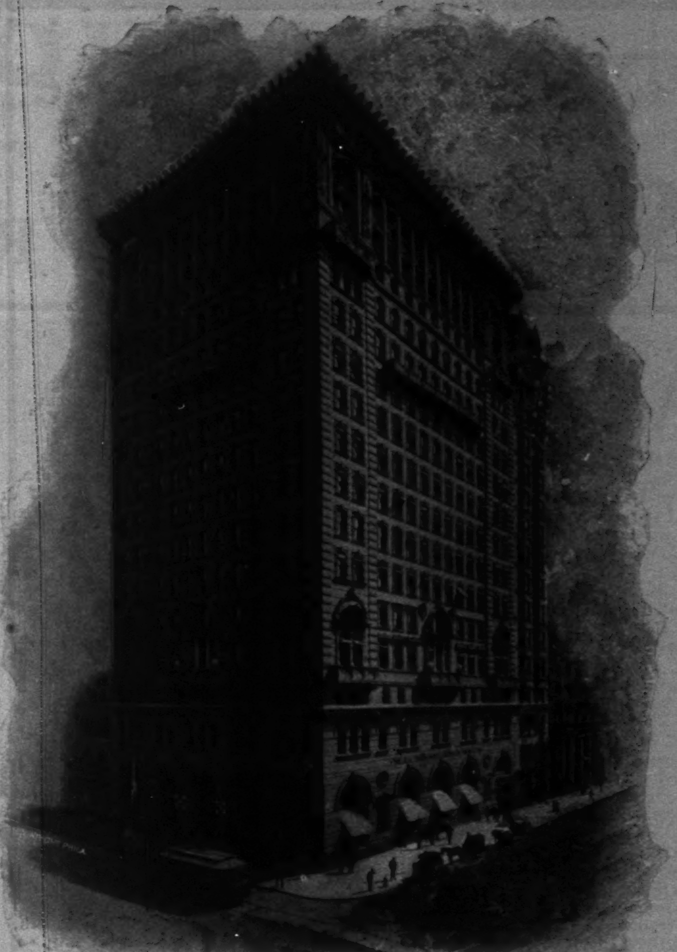
**Pears** obtained the only Grand Prize awarded solely for toilet soap at the Paris Exhibition, 1900. This is the Highest Award obtainable for anything.
**Do not be imposed upon by injurious imitations.**



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The Folding Pocket kinds are made of aluminum, covered with fine seal grain leather and fitted with superb lenses and shutters.

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into place you may know that your gown is securely fastened; that is, if you use the
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It will stay so till you are ready to undress, when a slight outward pull on the hook side of the gown will open the whole row.

If your dealer does not keep them, send 10 cents for a sample card. Say whether white or black.

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THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.
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# FENG SHUI The CHINESE SUPERSTITION

## By R. Van Bergen

AT this time, when the fate of the Chinese Empire is trembling in the balance, it is interesting to inquire into the causes of the constant and vigorous opposition to progress. The Dowager Empress and her advisers are perfectly aware that the integrity of the realm and the Manchu dynasty are seriously threatened. They have been warned, and ample evidence exists that they fully believe, that only drastic reforms can prevent disintegration. Persons known to the Chinese government as incapable of sordid or even interested motives have insisted in plain terms that the first and most important step toward the preservation of the realm is the construction of railways, whereby the eighteen provinces of the empire can be brought within easy reach of the capital. This subject has been discussed in all its bearings. Liu Ming-Chu'an who is remembered as having attempted to establish a republic in Formosa at the time of its cession to Japan, memorialized the throne more than fifteen years ago, when China was threatened by serious complications with Russia. He presented the memorial with the tacit approbation, if not the connivance, of Li Hung-Chang.

The following extracts of this memorial, taken from the Peking *Gazette*, deserve to be preserved in view of recent events:

"The troubles which have beset China since she removed the bolts and opened her doors to engage in trade with foreign countries are by far more numerous and embarrassing than anything she has had to meet from her enemies since the earliest ages. These foreigners, in their dealings with us, are ever ready, on the smallest pretext, to create a dispute whereby they may deceive and oppress us, and when there is a quarrel between any of them and ourselves, the others press around and eagerly watch for an opportunity.

"Russia's southern frontier is very extensive, so much so that it is contiguous to and interlocked with our northern, eastern, and western frontiers; we feel her grip on our throat and her fist upon our back, and our contact with her is a source of perpetual uneasiness to our hearts and minds. But our long season of weakness and inaction disables us from making a show of strength, and our only alternative, therefore, is to patiently bear insult and obloquy. When a quarrel occurs we have to yield to her demands and make a compromise, regardless of money, in order to avert the dangers of war.

"It must be remembered, however, that a long-enduring peace between the two countries is a thing that cannot be relied upon as a certainty, and that the wealth of a nation is not unbounded. If we make no departure from our present conservatism, what strength can we hope to acquire?

"There are those who speak thoughtlessly of going to war. In this connection your slave would beg to observe that the essential point before going to war is to ascertain the condition of the enemy's forces. Russia has built railways which run from Europe to the neighborhood of Hao Han, and she purposes to build one from Hai Shen Wei to Hui Ch'un, and the reason why she did not proceed to send troops recently, when the quarrel with us commenced, is not that she feared to encounter our soldiers, but that her railways were not quite completed. Your slave foresees that, before ten years are passed, some immeasurable disaster may be looked for from that quarter.

"Now, Japan is an extremely small country—like a pill. Her rulers, however, have adopted Western mechanical arts, and relying on her possession of railways, she attempts now and again to be arrogant—like a mantis when it assumes an air of defiance—and to despise China, and gives us no small amount of trouble on the smallest pretext.

"Your slave is much grieved and distressed when he thinks that if the present time is allowed to go past without measures being taken to strengthen our country, how vain it will be to repent when it is too late.

"Although it is true that the proper way to proceed to strengthen our country is by drilling troops and manufacturing arms, etc., regularly in their turn, yet it must be confessed that the immediate construction of railways will be the mainspring of our country's strength.

"It would be difficult to enumerate all the advantages that will be derived from the possession of railways, such, for instance, as facilitating the transportation of the grain-tax, affording prompt and effective communication in the distribution of relief, the extension of commerce, the furtherance of mining operations, the suppression of li-kin stations, and the improved system of travelling. But the principal advantage that will be derived from them is the more effective method of transporting troops, and this consideration renders it important that their introduction should not be delayed.

"The area of China's territory is very great. Her northern frontier stretches out to a length of 10,000 *li*, and is conterminous with the confines of Russia; moreover, there are foreigners of many nationalities resident at the treaty ports, who are engaged in trade with our people. To draw a line on our frontier and guard it against invasion is a matter which, in spite of our desire, we are unable to do. Although we ride about on a fleet horse, and do not spare the whip, we are unable to come up in time. If railways are built, all parts of the country, north, south, east, and west, will be within easy communication, and in case of war we can form our plans according to our observations of the enemy's movements. It will be easy to come to a given point in a few days, although the distance be 10,000 *li*, and a million troops can be brought together at one call, and such irregularities as confusion and hurry when troops are ordered to move and obstructions and delays in the transport of materials and supplies, and similar vexatious embarrassments, will be removed. The strength of an army consists in its troops being united, and a state of division means weakness."

The memorial then points out the roads to be constructed at once, and the ways and means. It was referred to the northern and southern Superintendents of Trade, or Li Hung-Chang and Lin K'un-Yi, who recommended its adoption emphatically. Another and more influential endorsement appeared in an appeal to the throne by Tso Tsung-Tang, composed on his death-bed. This man, a great Confucian scholar, and reputed the best of China's generals, had been a favorite of the conservatives on account of his outspoken contempt for the "Barbarians."

Nothing was done. The government conceded the advisability of the reform; its practicability was ascertained. There was no apprehension that the capital required would not be forth-coming. At times steps were taken looking toward the inauguration of this salient reform; but each time the earnestness seemed to fade away, and procrastination ended in indefinite postponement.

The war with Japan and the subsequent exposure of China's paralysis made a deep impression upon China's rulers. It affected poor Kuang Hsu seriously, and greatly perturbed the Empress Dowager. Its immediate consequence was the renewal of discussion on the necessity of introducing railroads, and it did appear as if the government was in earnest. Yet five years have passed, what has been done?

The small line connecting Pao-ting-fu, the capital of Chih-li, with Peking and Tientsin. and passing on to the Great Wall at Shan-hai-kwan, has been built, and a further extension of forty miles to Kin-chow, in Manchuria, is under construction. The few miles between Shanghai and Woo-sung, at the mouth of the river, are also covered by rail. This sums up the activity of five years, every moment of which was of vital importance to the empire. It is true that a line from Sechow in Shansi, running south to the Han River at Siang-yang, has been surveyed, and that several other lines have been proposed. It will, however, probably be too late when the lines Pao-ting-fu-Hankow-Canton-Hongkong, and Tientsin-Shanghai-Ningpo, are constructed. These two lines, if in operation at this time, would enable the government to assert its independence. Of less importance is the proposed branch line from Cheng-ting in Chih-li to Tai-yuen in Shansi, and from there into Shensi. But no serious effort to begin the construction of these proposed lines is being made.

This is the more remarkable since the government knows that Germany is pushing the construction of a railway from Kiao-chau in Shangtung westward to the Grand Canal. In the south France is building a line from Mandalay in Burmah to the frontier of Yun-nan (Lat. N. 23 d. 30 m.; Long. E. 99 d. 30 m.), and another road is contemplated along the coast of Annam and Tonquin to the mining region of Yun-nan, and to that part of the Yang-tse-kiang which the natives call by the significant name of "River of the Golden Sand." Nor is the Empress Dowager ignorant of the nervous rapidity with which Russia is constructing its road through Manchuria and a part of Mongolia. This eastern part of the Trans-Siberian Railway enters Manchuria on the 50th parallel near the meridian of 120 d. E., and runs past Moukden, the cradle of the Manchu dynasty, and New-chwang to Port Arthur. A branch line connects Vladivostok with the main line.

All these facts are known and duly appreciated at Peking. Surely there must be a cause for deliberately preferring the disintegration of the empire and the fall of the dynasty to the introduction of reforms which alone can save realm and throne. The two mutually antagonistic forces at Peking, Russia and Great Britain, have little or nothing to do with it. Granting the facts that Russia, with its magnificently equipped diplomatic corps, never for one instant loses sight of its own single purpose, viz., the acquisition and annexation of as much territory as it can safely assimilate; that, when gorged for the moment, all its efforts are directed toward preventing a rival power from securing any territory marked for future prey—it needs only a glance at the political divisions on the maps of Asia of twenty-five years ago, and a comparison with those of to-day, to comprehend the value of a trained diplomatic corps. The opposition of Great Britain, directed from the Foreign Office in London, neither deters Russia, nor does it encourage the members of the Tsung-li-yamen (Chinese Foreign Office). China faces the approaching ordeal with the passive stolidity of the Oriental when he is convinced that it is Kismet!

The original cause of this despairing stolidity, and incidentally of the palace revolution which deprived poor Kuang Hsu of his throne and condemned him to an early grave, is to be found in the word *Feng-shui*, an expression for which we have no equivalent. The ideographs of which it is composed mean simply *wind* and *water*, but it expresses a principle or influence, ethereal in substance, found in air and earth, but chiefly in the former, and to a greater or less extent in different localities. The educated Chinese who can be induced to discuss the subject explains that the earth in its organization has a certain resemblance to living beings, such as being possessed of veins and arteries, and consequently has the principle of life, which is *Feng-shui*.

The Chinese, of whatever rank or condition of life, is born and bred in a stifling atmosphere of superstition. This superstition exists in several forms, but implicit belief in *Feng-shui* is universal throughout the empire; and, what is of infinitely greater importance, it is at the root of all the impulses of the Chinese. It enters into his private and public life. As no house can be built without previous consultation of the Feng-shui, so the construction of a canal, railroad, or any public work affecting the topography of the locality, cannot be undertaken without the approbation of a well-known Feng-shui sin sang, or, as we might term it, Doctor of the Vital Principle. Riot and disturbances would be sure to follow; and as the patriarchal principle of the Chinese government rests chiefly upon the preservation of peace and order, the general opposition to the introduction of railroads is made plain.

Much has been said and written about the *lex suprema* of Filial Piety, with its attendant ancestral worship—the only creed in which the Chinese believes and upon which he acts. It has been generally accepted that the chief opposition to the introduction of railroads proceeds from the dread of having the ancestral graves disturbed. This is all quite true, but the motive lies deeper. The Chinese will spend sums, sometimes out of proportion to his means, in the funeral of a parent. Not, however, from filial devotion, although it may enter in very subordinate form into his action. The real motive, denuded from all poetical ornament, is the conviction that the Feng-shui, or vitalizing principle, will be absorbed by the body of the deceased, and through it find its way to the descendants, to whom it will impart longevity, prosperity in business, and, above all, cause the birth and good health of a son.

The Chinese cannot comprehend the worship of a beneficent God. All his efforts are bent upon propitiating the malevolent influences which, as he supposes, surround him. Devoted as he is to his work, he will desert it temporarily and spend freely from his hoard that he may remove imaginary evil spirits. Satisfied upon this point, he pursues the even tenor of his way.

While this accounts for the innumerable geomancers, soothsayers, or diviners one meets everywhere in China, it must not be supposed that all of these are frauds. There are, of course, quacks and pretenders, as in every profession, but a respectable majority of the Feng-shui sin sang honestly believe that they possess an occult faculty of locating the vital principle. When a Chinese at Ningpo discusses this belief, he will be apt to cite the following tradition: During the reign of the Ming dynasty—preceding the Manchu—a plague broke out, and among many others a beggar named Du fell a victim. Since the deceased was too poor, the authorities provided a coffin, and paid other beggars to carry it across the river to the opposite side. As they were crossing a field with their burden, the rope by which it was suspended from a bamboo pole broke, and the coffin fell to the ground. The bearers then decided to leave it where it had fallen; but since respect for the dead is universal, a discussion arose as to the direction in which the head should be placed. Finally it was decided that it should be in that of the bamboo pole, which had been thrown carelessly upon the ground. This was done. Scarcely had the bearers left the improvised grave when a Feng-shui sin sang approached. His occult affinity had led him to this place as possessed of more than usual Feng-shui, which culminated in the spot occupied by the coffin. The geomancer was disgusted that the favor of Heaven should be bestowed upon a common beggar, and he determined to leave his profession. After repeating the tradition thus far, the Ningpo man will triumphantly point to the history of the Ming dynasty, and show that the beggar's son passed the examinations, secured official preferment, and attained the third dignity in the empire. It is a fact that several members of the Du family were prominent officials under the Mings.

As the Chinese books teem with instances of the beneficent and malevolent influences of the Feng-shui, those in which the Feng-shui sing sang gave up their profession are by no means rare. What renders this odd superstition more complex is the fact that the Feng-shui of the same locality may be beneficent to one family, and the opposite to another. Great value is attached to having one's house higher than those of the neighbors—a fact which accounts for the difficulties experienced by foreigners when building in Chinese cities, and also for the frequent complaints in the consular courts for interference with the Feng-shui. The following coincidents had no slight effect toward confirming the belief in Ningpo:

Soon after the opening of that port, the people were excited by the building of the Roman Catholic cathedral. As the edifice increased in height, the alarm grew, but it culminated when the steeple was finished and a weathercock was put in place. Not far from the cathedral was Centipede Street, a name given to a motley collection of alleys, supposed to resemble the legs of that insect. The populace

# HOLIDAY-BOOK TALK

To give good books to one's friends for Christmas gifts is at once flattering to their intelligence and indirectly to one's own good taste.

From the mass of books which every holiday season brings forth there stand out a few which are pre-eminently those which are really worth giving. Of such books we have something to say here.

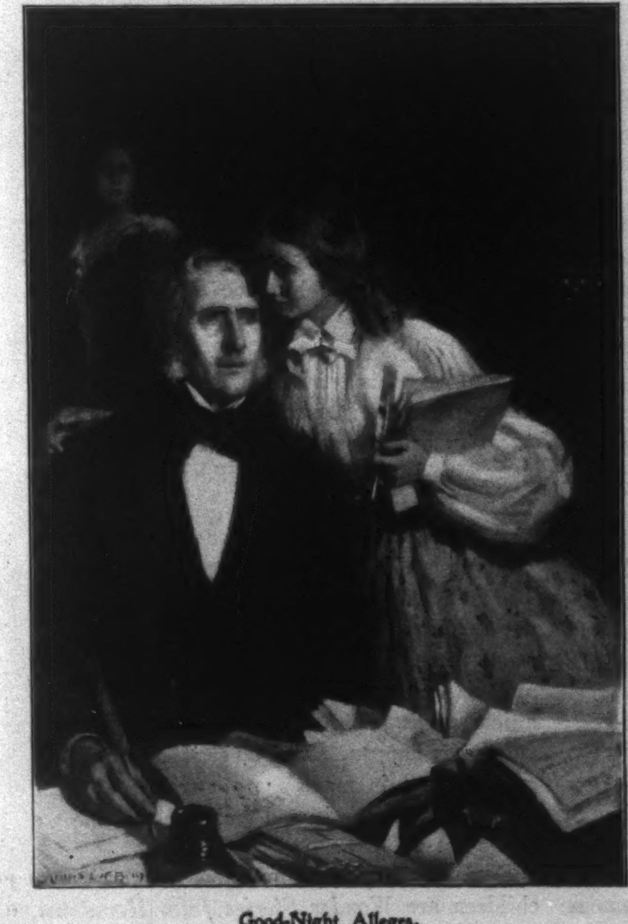
First as to fiction. The most notable perhaps of the novels of the year is Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Eleanor*.

For literary finish and masterly character study the novel stands at the head of the season's books. Unlike some of the author's earlier stories it has no positive doctrine to enforce, but is a love-story in the best and largest sense of the word, and the enthusiasm with which it has been received is the surest proof that such work is not unappreciated.

### Mr. Zangwill's Story

Following close upon *Eleanor* in popularity comes Mr. Zangwill's brilliant political novel, *The Mantle of Elijah*. This story is distinctly an advance over any of the author's earlier work. It does not deal with the Jewish people, but presents a strikingly forceful picture of the home and public life of a British statesman.

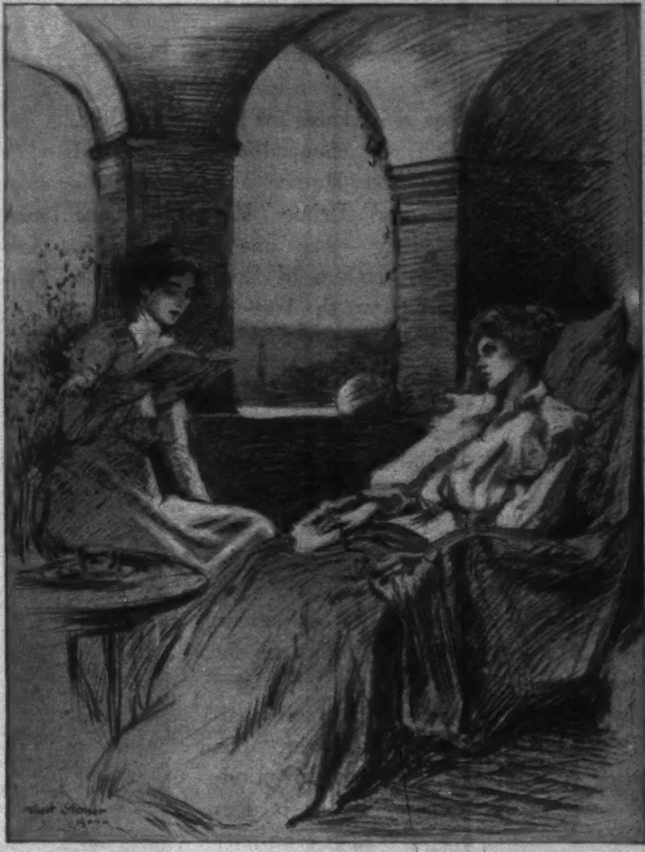
Some English critics have found fault with it because they claim Mr. Zangwill has taken the liberty of portraying certain English statesmen, among them Lord Palmerston. All of them agree, however, as to the force and dramatic power of the story. A dramatization of the story will soon be produced.



**Good-Night. Allegra.**
*From "The Mantle of Elijah," by I. Zangwill.*

### A Book that set Paris Agog

Miss Lilian Bell has always been a writer noted for her frankness and honesty. She has recently written a novel entitled *The Expatriates*. It is peculiarly an American novel. The heroine is a young American girl forced by circumstances to live abroad.



**In the Loggia.**
*From "Eleanor," by Mrs. Humphry Ward.*

Miss Bell has drawn a picture of the French gentleman of to-day which is not flattering to his character. She gives a vivid description of the burning of the great Bazar in Paris, and makes some unpleasant charges.

But the French are not the only people whom she scores. The book is a most vigorous arraignment of the unpatriotic attitude of Americans living abroad. It is also a charming love-story.

### A Tale that out-Zendas Zenda

Every short-story reader remembers a little book of stories, *The Golficide, and Other Tales*, which came out a few years ago. It was by Mr. van Tassel Sutphen, the editor of GOLF. Mr. Sutphen has just written another book of an entirely different sort. It is called *The Cardinal's Rose*, and if any better tale of adventure, love, and war has appeared since *The Prisoner of Zenda* we have failed to see it.

The Cardinal's Rose is a ruby, the sole remaining resource of an impoverished prince. It is stolen, and—well, of course it is finally recovered, and the hero marries the heroine, but if you want to put in a couple of pleasant hours you can't do better than to follow the young American through the adventures which lead up to this happy ending.

### More Humor from Mr. Stockton

There are so many novels nowadays that deal with the serious business of life that it is a relief to meet with one occasionally that is full of merriment and good-humor from beginning to end.

Such a book is Mr. Stockton's latest, *A Bicycle of Cathay*. It is a tale of the amusing adventures of a young schoolmaster on a summer vacation tour awheel.

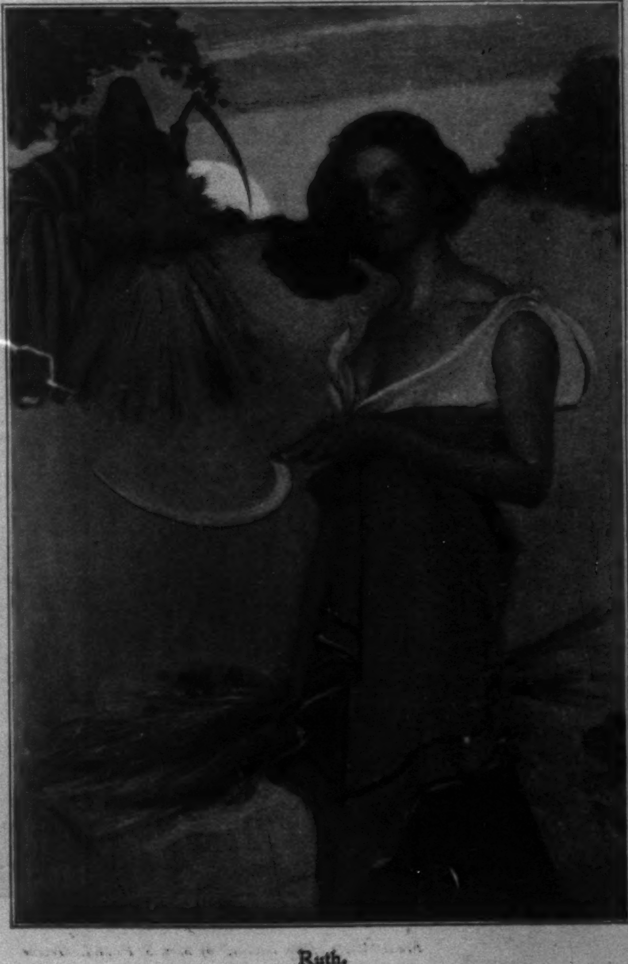
### A New Sort of Negro Stories

There have been plenty of good negro stories written, but none of them have touched upon just those phases of life in the South which Virginia Frazer Boyle pictures in her *Devil Tales*.

They are stories which have to do chiefly with the superstitions of negro life, with hoodoos and charms and midnight meetings "in the dark of the moon," and other uncanny things. Mr. Frost's many illustrations suit the stories exactly.

### Some Old Friends in New Binding

There are a few books that never grow old, which can never be reprinted too often, and are always welcome as gifts. Notable among such books which have recently been published in



**Ruth.**
*From "Women of the Bible."*

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
*From "Literary Friends and Acquaintance."*

holiday binding and specially illustrated are: *Lorna Doone,* which has just appeared in a sumptuous binding, illustrated from photographs of the Doone country, by Clifton Johnson; *The Cloister and the Hearth* — Charles Reade's masterpiece—which Harper & Brothers have just issued in two volumes, illustrated by William Martin Johnson; a remarkably beautiful edition of Mrs. S. P. McL. Greene's *Vesty of the Basins,* which Clifton Johnson has also illustrated from photographs (it also contains drawings by Otto Bacher); the new and beautiful small edition of *She Stoops to Conquer,* illustrated with the Abbey drawings.

### Mr. Howells's Literary Reminiscences

Since James T. Fields wrote his "Yesterdays with Authors," no volume of literary reminiscences has attracted such general and widespread attention as Mr. Howells's *Literary Friends and Acquaintance,* which was published a few weeks ago. It is not only an interesting volume of personal recollections of almost all of the great men of our literature, but it is a complete survey of American letters for the past thirty-five years.

Mr. Howells writes, as he only can write, of Emerson, Lowell, Hawthorne, Whitman, Longfellow, and many others whose names are familiar in every American home. His anecdotes are delightful and his criticisms sound and appreciative.

A Chicago critic said recently that if he were giving a course in literature he would abandon lectures and tell his pupils to read this book, and those to which Mr. Howells makes reference in it.

### A Prime Minister and an Emperor

English statesmen have always been remarkable for their versatility. Gladstone chopped down trees and translated Horace for amusement. A later Prime Minister — Lord Rosebery — has one of the best racing-stables in England, and he has written the best—in fact, the final work on Napoleon at St. Helena. It is called *Napoleon—the Last Phase.* The former Prime Minister's book is in no sense a biography. It is a study of Napoleon the man during one of the most interesting, if not the most glorious, periods of his career. He does not hesitate to attack the policy of the Liverpool ministry and their appointees in their treatment of the royal prisoner. His book is a scholarly and fair-minded work, and coming as it does from the pen of a man who may at any time be called back to the ministry, and whose career has been one of the most brilliant of his day, it is of unusual importance.

### Concerning some Essays Worth the Reading

Elsewhere in this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY you will find as usual Mr. E. S. Martin's department of "This Busy World," which you probably enjoy as much as every one else does. This same Mr. Martin has just written a book of essays.

They have all of Stevenson's charm of style and pleasant philosophy of life and a good deal of the same sort of humor that makes Charles Lamb such delightful reading even to-day.

The book is entitled *Lucid Intervals.* It is illustrated with many drawings by Miss Stilwell and F. D. Steele.

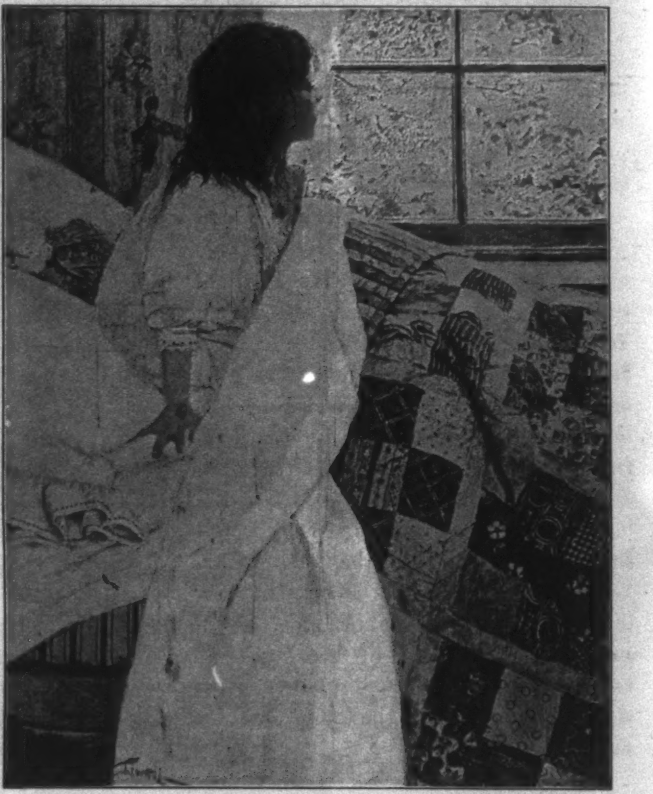
Uncle Coffin's Home.
*From "Vesty of the Basins," by Mrs. S. P. McL. Greene.*

### A Soldier-Author

Gen. George A. Forsyth rode with Sheridan on his famous ride "to the front from Winchester." He was at Appomattox when General Lee surrendered, and has taken part in many other dramatic scenes which are a part of our military history. He has put his stories of some of these happenings into a book, which is published under the title of *Thrilling Days in Army Life.* This is not only a book of historical importance, but it is a collection of narratives of actual personal experiences which, from the very fact that they are all absolutely true, have an interest which only the best short stories can ever have. It is an ideal gift for a boy.

### Books for Children

No branch of book-making has shown a greater advance during the past few years than the manufacture of illustrated books for children. Among the most attractive of those prepared for this year's holiday trade is *The Roggie and Reggie Stories,* by Gertrude Smith, who a year or two ago wrote the amusing "Arabella and Araminta Stories."



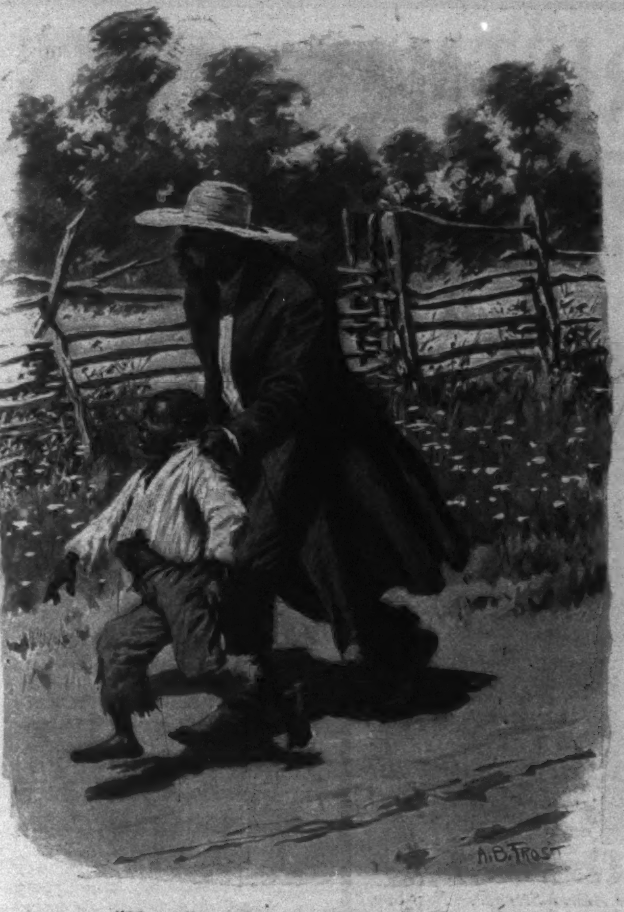
A New Day.
*From "Lucid Intervals," by E. S. Martin.*

Roggie and Reggie are the two small brothers of Arabella and Araminta. Miss Smith has written of their adventures in much the same way in which she described the doings of their sisters in the earlier book.

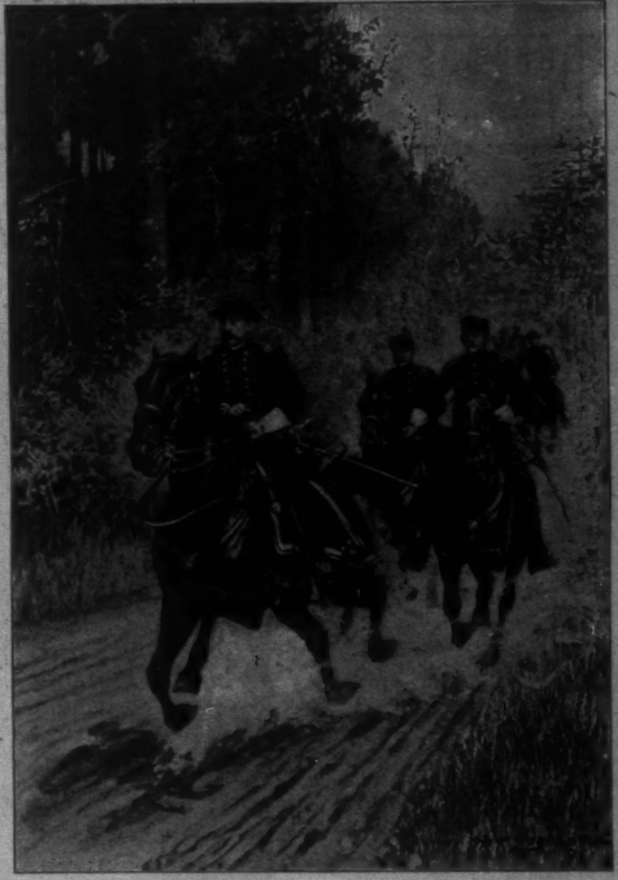
The book is strongly bound in a bright ornamental cover, is printed in large open type on heavy paper, and contains fifteen full-page pictures in bright colors. It is one of the most attractive books for little children that has appeared in years.

Another excellent book for somewhat older children is *The Road to Nowhere,* by Livingston B. Morse. This is a story of the "Alice in Wonderland" sort. Little Jack wanders on "the road to nowhere," and meets with almost as many and as funny adventures as Alice did. The animals talk to him, and other equally delightful things happen. Altogether it is a jolly sort of tale, and is made more attractive by the many illustrations in red and black by the author's sister.

Some of the other important new books for children are *Wonder Stories from Herodotus,*



"He collared his astonished little Nigger."
*From "Devil Tales," by Virginia Frazer Boyle.*



To the Front from Winchester.
*From "Thrilling Days in Army Life," by General Forsyth.*

with many beautiful color plates by Granville Fell, and *The Book of Dragons*, by E. Nesbet, which Mr. Fell has also illustrated; then for the older boys there is a new Henty book—*In the Hands of the Cave-Dwellers.*

It is a thrilling story of good healthy adventure. Just the sort of story every boy will enjoy.

### Some Clever Verse

A year or two ago Mr. Guy Wetmore Carryl wrote a book of parodies on the fables of La Fontaine, which was one of the brightest and most amusing holiday books of the year. He has just written another book, which is, if possible, even more amusing. It is called *Mother Goose for Grown-Ups.* These latter-day versions of Mother Goose rhymes are decidedly the best things that he has done. They are humorously illustrated by Peter Newell and Gustave Verbeek.

### A New Ben-Hur

In 1880 a story appeared called *Ben-Hur.* For two years it remained comparatively unknown. Then suddenly it sprung into popularity. Ministers began to talk about it in the pulpit, and the critics sounded its praises.

Since that time nearly three-quarters of a million copies of this remarkable book have been sold. It has been translated into almost every European tongue, and more translations are now being considered. Its average yearly sales are now more than the entire sale of many of the new and fairly successful novels. Its sales during the year 1899 were several thousand greater than in 1898.

A new edition of "Ben-Hur" in two volumes is among Harper & Brothers' holiday books. It is bound in white cloth ornamented with a design in purple, silver, and gold, and is illustrated with many drawings by William Martin Johnson. The history of this book testifies that it has a right to a place in every library.

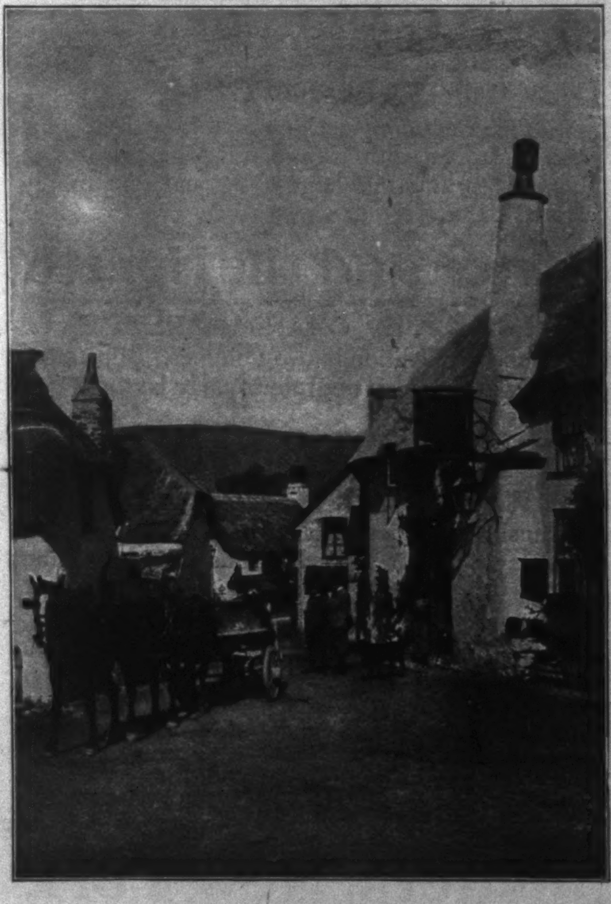
### A Literary Love-Story

All the world loves a lover, and all the world loves to read the love-letters of great men and women. The greatest letters of this sort ever published are *The Browning Letters.* The two volumes containing the love-letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett rank with the greatest poems of this gifted pair, and deserve a permanent place in English literature. You may maintain that they should never have been published, but when you have read them you will be thankful that they were.

### A Novel and a Play

A souvenir of a play which has made a great artistic success is always an interesting thing to have. If you are a Thackeray lover you probably saw Mrs. Fiske play *Becky Sharp,* and if you did you will enjoy the "Becky Sharp" edition of Vanity Fair. It is illustrated with many half-tone pictures of the play, and contains several characteristic portraits of Mrs. Fiske and names of all the players in the original cast. It is beautifully bound, and is a charming souvenir of a memorable production.

This list of books contains works of every class—fiction, biography, history, *belles-lettres,* essays, and verse. If you are in doubt what to give for Christmas gifts we hope that it may help you in your decision.



A Porlock Inn.
*From "Lorna Doone."—New Edition.*

"'Don't be a Fool,' he said, in a Whisper."
*From "The Cardinal's Rose," by van Tassel Sutphen.*

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excitedly discussed that cocks devour centipedes—and what would become of them? The geomancers increased the excitement by predictions of evil, but the foreigners paid no attention. It so happened that at this time a fire broke out in Centipede Street and consumed it, together with a bell-tower supposed to represent the head of the insect. The people then consulted the most noted geomancers, who decided: Cocks devour centipedes, but wild-cats eat cocks. The different consulates had been besieged with complaints of this grievance, but as they, of necessity, were disregarded, the people determined to act upon the covert advice of the geomancers. The best artist was engaged, and soon the picture of a huge wild-cat appeared upon a high wall opposite the cathedral. It is probable that the brick of which this church was built was not sufficiently burnt or dried; at any rate, the building collapsed. The jubilant denizens of Centipede Street then constructed a bell-tower two or three stories higher than its predecessor; the Feng-shui was restored, and peace and calm once again ruled supreme.

When a new house is built, high bamboo poles are set up and lanterns suspended from them to attract Feng-shui. Gongs are beaten continuously, because noise is supposed to add strength to the attractive force. The neighbors, who object to having their luck desert them, resort to the same measures, so that such a neighborhood temporarily assumes the aspect of holiday-making. Although each household tries to outrival its neighbor in height of pole and noise of gongs, good-humor prevails, each being satisfied with its own endeavors.

The Feng-shui is supposed to be endangered in houses surrounded by higher ones, or when the corners of other houses point toward it. Such houses are frequently ornamented by figures of open-mouthed lions or other wild animals, or by warriors with drawn swords, to frighten ill luck. Where the occupants are too poor to provide such figures, fragments of looking-glass are used to repel evil influences by reflection. A house at a street corner being especially exposed to their attack, an antidote is found in erecting near the corner a small stone or slab, with the inscription, *Tai Shan shih Kan tang*—I am the Tai Shan (the Great Shan Mountain), and not afraid of you.

It is by no means uncommon that a private feud culminates in defacing a grave or destroying trees in its immediate vicinity, thereby ruining the family Feng-shui. Much as the Chinese dislikes to invoke the aid of the courts, the aggrieved party will at once resort to law; and, since the breaking of the Feng-shui is an offence of a very grave character, severe punishment follows swiftly upon conviction.

At no place in the broad realm is the rule of Feng-shui more absolute than at Peking and in the immediate vicinity of the Forbidden City. There is not a page of the *Official Gazette* which does not prove this statement beyond refutation. Sometimes it proves a powerful weapon in the hands of the authorities thereafter. But it is not often that superstition can be invoked to strengthen the power of the government. What is more frequently the case is that it paralyzes its authority, as the most recent history of the empire shows.

"If a nation be about to flourish," says Confucius, "there will be happy omens, and unlucky ones if it totter to its fall." Let us look upon the contemporary history of China with the eyes of the Empress Dowager. Forty years ago she was at Peking, the Empress of the East, the favorite wife of Hsien Fêng, occupying the dragon-throne with the Son of Heaven. Then, in 1860, came the tidings that the "Western Barbarians" were approaching the capital, and the court fled helter-skelter to the country seat at Yehho, or Hot Springs. In this precipitate flight it had been forgotten that the Feng-shui of this seat was hostile to the imperial family, for Chia Ching, the grandfather of Hsien Fêng, had died here. This premonition of ill luck proved true. The Emperor, too, died before the advent of spring rendered his return to the Forbidden City possible.

Thus, in 1861, the Empress found herself a widow. As she had no child, the son of the Empress of the West succeeded to the throne. The court had not yet returned to Peking before a conspiracy was discovered by Prince Kung, who frustrated it, and condemned the leaders to death. The two Dowagers, as joint guardians of the heir, had given him the title of "Fortunate Union." But geomancers, declaring it unlucky, it was changed into Tung Chih, or "United Rule."

For a time it seemed as if a propitious Feng-shui rested upon the imperial family. Tung Chih grew up, and in 1872, when he had reached the age of sixteen, was married. Two years after his marriage he fell ill with small-pox, and in January, 1875, he died. It now appeared that no place could be found where he could be buried without disturbing the Feng-shui. There are two imperial cemeteries laid out with the special purpose of preserving the equilibrium of the Feng-shui, one hundred miles to the east, and the other equidistant in the opposite direction. Tung Chih's father, Hsien Fêng, had been buried in the eastern cemetery, and the intention was to preserve the Feng-shui by depositing the late Emperor's remains in that on the west. But the court Feng-shui sin sang protested that, after due divination, his burial there would be followed by serious disasters to the empire. Month after month passed, and no satisfactory place could be found, and it seemed as if Tung Chih would remain unburied. At last the official Doctors of Vital Principle announced that it was out of the question to bury him in the western cemetery, but if certain precautions were observed, he might be buried with his predecessor in the cemetery on the east. The court agreed with fear and trembling; and even the most progressive of the highest officials did not attempt to conceal their apprehension. When in subsequent years famine, floods, and other calamities visited the empire, several of these officials memorialized the throne, stating that these disasters were the result of the violated Feng-shui, and as punishment for burying Tung Chih in the wrong place.

As Tung Chih left no issue, and the throne could not be vacant, a family council was called on the evening of his death, and little Tsai Tsien, the son of Prince Chung and grandson of Emperor Tao Kuang, was selected as successor to the throne. The little boy, who was at this time between three and four years old, was proclaimed Emperor, under the title of Kuang Hsu, or "Illustrious Successor," and once more the two Dowagers assumed the guardianship. Almost from the day of the child's accession, famine, flood, pestilence, and insurrection have been interrupted only by foreign wars, resulting in China being robbed of nearly all her buffer states.

Be it remembered that the surviving Dowager, the famous Empress of the East, was an absolute cipher during the life of her husband, Hsien Fêng, and that, like all women in China, she possessed no education whatever. In the forty years of her public life she has been in daily contact with the most advanced scholars in Confucian lore—that is, with men who are most deeply steeped in superstition. In the palace itself, surrounded by geomancers and astrologers, every step and movement depending upon divination, it is a wonder that the cloud of violated Feng-shui, the terror of unknown disaster ever impending over the Forbidden City and the imperial dynasty, has not snapped the cords of this woman's brain. Kuang Hsu attained the prescribed age of majority, and ascended the throne. It was obvious at that time that, after so many years of absolute power, the Dowager would, when occasion demanded, exert her influence; but the imperial edicts for the years preceding 1898, as published in the *Official Gazette*, prove conclusively that, save under extraordinary contingencies, she preferred not to interfere.

To mention one instance: When Li Hung-Chang returned from the coronation ceremonies at Moscow and his tour around the world, the first visit he paid was to the Dowager. He was immediately recalled to the superior claims of the Emperor by a public and sharp reprimand. Kuang Hsu at this time was inclined to emulate the example of Japan, and to introduce drastic reforms. It will be remembered how syndicates were formed in Europe, as well as in the United States, all for the purpose of profiting from the prospective activity in railroad construction in China. They all came to naught. Wherever the surveyor with his staff appeared, the populace, as soon as the purpose of these "foreign devils" was known, took the alarm, and petitions upon petitions came to the officials, and were forwarded to the Board at Peking. The Feng-shui of the whole empire appeared in danger. The astrologers and Feng-shui sin sang—some no doubt from selfish motives, but many certainly from sincere conviction—added threats or doleful warnings to the universal appeal. Kuang Hsu, under the influence of Kang Yu-Wei, was resolute. At last, driven to it by the universal demand of all whom she respected, the Dowager exerted the authority which no Chinese dare deny, on pain of general execration. Kuang Hsu was thrust aside, and probably intended as an atonement to propitiate the violated Feng-shui.

What will the end be? The Omniscient has, mercifully, hidden the future by an impenetrable veil. This, however, is immutable, that the nations are guided by His hand, and, willingly or unwillingly, accomplish the work He has destined for them. More than thirty years ago William H. Seward said: "Who does not see that henceforth every year European commerce, European politics, European thoughts, and European activity, although actually gaining greater force, and European connections, although actually becoming more intimate, will nevertheless ultimately sink in importance; while the Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast regions beyond, will become the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter?"

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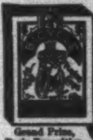

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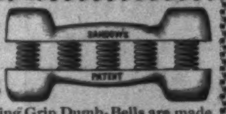

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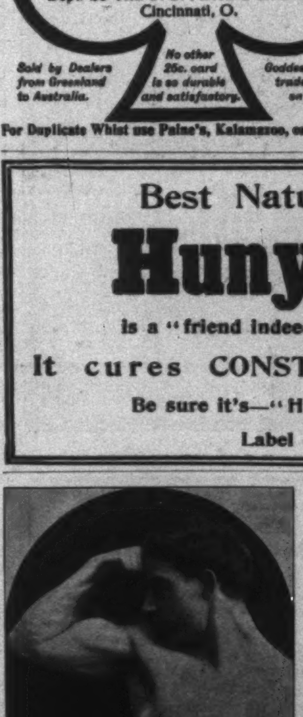

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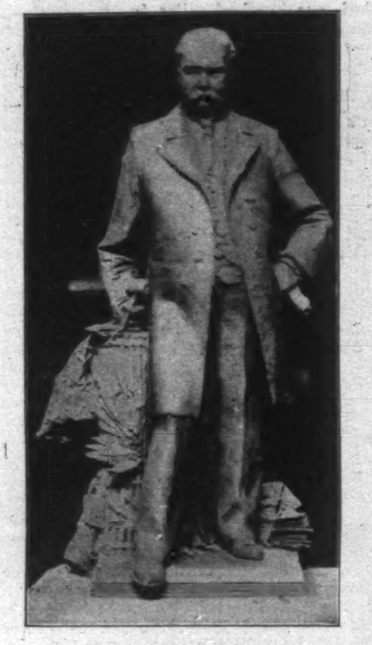
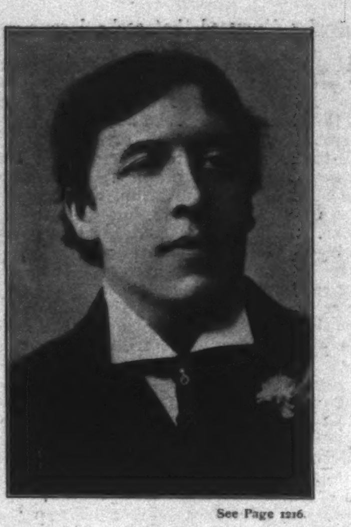


**Garrett A. Hobart.**

*Modelled in clay by Philip Martiny. To be cast in bronze and erected in the City Hall Park of Paterson, New Jersey.*



See Page 1216.

**Oscar Wilde.**

*Born in Dublin, October 16, 1856.*
*Died in Paris, December 1, 1900.*

# Mr. Dooley*

## L.—ON HIGH SOCIETY

"HOGAN'S been tellin' me," said Mr. Dooley, "that he has been to New York, where he's been followin' what he calls th' mould iv fashion an' th' glass iv foam, an' judgin' fr'm his gin'ral appearance, I shud say that th' glass was nawthin' less than a high ball an' th' mould was broke, or annyhow terribly stretched, f'r he'd a long frock coat on him that didn't fit him in anny wan given spot; but Hogan says it's all right an' th' latest sthyle, an' was taught to him be Jawn Drew, who won th' first prize at th' Horse Show in an English bred coat of th' same pitcheresque character about fourteen two high with two hip pockets on th' near side."

"What has coats got to do with th' Horse Show?" said Mr. Hennessy.

"Ivrything!" said Mr. Dooley, decisively. "Ye see, Hinnissy, this Horse Show is more iv a clothes show than annything else, bein' on'y a Horse Show be name, an', as Hogan says, if they would on'y put clothes-horses in th' ring covered with Paris gowns an' man-milliners hats, an' imported clothes made be th' hands acrost th' sea, an' have thim tooled around be capable tailors an' vallays an' milliners an' maids, it would deprive ivry New York husband iv anny sthray National Bank securities which he may possibly have saved because th' very gown that his wife coveted happened to go by at th' time when her attinshun was momentarily disthracted be watchin' a gr-reen hunter thryin' to lep an eight-foot fence with a row iv Christmas threes on th' top iv it.

"I've been watchin' th' pa-apers, Hinnissy, an' I find that th' Horse Show is th' on'y place where th' swells can get three or four mentions on wan performance. You see, 'tis this way. Th' horse editor takes a man in plain clothes along with him, who puts down a list called 'Among those present.' Then th' s'ciety editor says, 'Among those who took occasional promenades ar-round th' ring I noticed th' vivashus Mrs. Percy Onderdonk, who has just returned fr'm leavin' her husband in a sanytaryum in time f'r th' show.' Then in another part iv th' pa-aper they get her name in as bein' wan iv th' box-holders, an' then in another column along comes th' fashion editor, an' says, 'Mrs. Percy Onderdonk was in a charmin' gown iv blue tool smothered in ostrich feathers an' a pitcher hat.' Ye could hardly get more publicity be havin' ye'er vallay sue ye f'r f'rgettin' to give him ten years' notice an' then havin' th' X-rays turned on ye be th' opposin' counsel to show that ye swallowed a collar-button in 1868 an' therefore could not be thrusted, thereby gettin' a vardict iv seven thousan' dollars again' ye'ersilf an' ye'er past life in th' mornin' pa-apers.

"Hogan tells me that all th' theatres in New York ar-re doin' dialect turns. Since Sam Bernard made such a hit with Dutch dialect, his sister Sarah has come over with a four an' a half hour turn of sthraight Fr-rinch dialect at a dollar an' a quarther an hour, an' be Hivins, Hinnissy, they tell me ye can't get near th' place to buy a ticket, th' people bein' filled with natcheral curiosity to see such an expinsive performance, an' incident'ly to prove to ivrybody but thimselves how much they know about th' Fr-rinch language. Some iv th' women knows more Fr-rinch than th' men, havin' been in constant communication with modists, an' Fr-rinch milliners with Irish names, an' Fr-rinch maids that teaches thim what they can, but I give ye me wurrud, Hogan says there's manny a la-ad at th' theatre sittin' up an' takin' his foreign language sthraight without a wink, at this Sarah Bernard's Fr-rinch show, who would starve to death at a Fr-rinch table d'hôte in Houston Sthreet if he had to speak th' names iv th' dishes on th' meeno instid iv pintin' thim out with his fingers until he gets to demitasse an' cigareets.

"Accordin' to Hogan's rayport there's but wan place ye can go to in New York to see other people eat, an' that's a place they call th' palm-room iv th' hotel kept be wan iv thim young Astors. Two rooms there ar-re side be side an' like as two peas, but if ye guess th' wrong room ye might as well be in Hoboken havin' a Sweitzer-kase san'wich an' a shell iv beer, except that it 'll cost ye more; f'r th' moment that ye put ye'er fut in th' wrong wan ye ar-re counted out be th' social detectives who is keepin' thrack iv th' doin's iv th' four hundherd, an' who has made a law that if ye don't get into th' crowded room where th' waiters has to climb over ye'er chair in ordher to be able to spill a plate iv soup on ye'er nearest neighbor, that ye had just as well be at home eatin' a good dinner in looxooryus ease in a large dinin'-room with plenty iv space an' no smell iv cookin', no noise an' confusion an' no spook music playin' indygestible chunes on th' stairs. But just because th' room is small an' oncomfortable an' har-rd to get in it places more socjal chips to ye'er credit to be able to call all th' head waiters be their Christyan names an' pass th' time iv day with thim than it does to occupy th' chair iv by-ology at Columbya Colledge or to be able to write a pa-aper on th' Paladjeeum iv American liberty as affected be th' coal sthrikes.

"As Hogan says, 'S'ciety, s'ciety, what crimes ar-re committed in thy name!' An' whin I think iv th' wage-earner iv th' fam'ly comin' home afther spendin' what me frind Teddy calls a sthrenoous day in pullin' about eight miles iv tape off iv a ticker in Wall Sthreet in a fatal endeavor to get th' price iv steel hoops down to where he can cooper a barrel with thim, an' findin' that he has got to play centre r-rush f'r his wife an' th' party iv eight that she has invited, an' has got to make a touch-down on wan iv th' corner tables or be set back fifteen yards—when I think iv this man, Hinnissy, an' know that he will be expected to sit through five hours iv Fr-rinch dialect an' thin brought back to th' same place to supper an' kept up till two o'clock in th' mornin' before he is given two hours sleep an' sent down town again' th' Standard Ile Combynayshun, I feel like sendin' him wurrud if he will come out to th' Archey Road I will give him a shell iv beer in a quiet room behind th' bar, an' I'll tear th' fashion notes an' th' s'ciety news out iv th' Sunday magazine suplyments till he gets betther."

"What makes thim do it," said Mr. Hennessy, "if it is such har-rd wurk?"

"Ah, Hivin help ye, Hinnissy, but that's a thing no man can tell; an' if his wife knows she *won't* tell, an' there ye ar-re. It's just s'ciety."

F. P. DUNNE.

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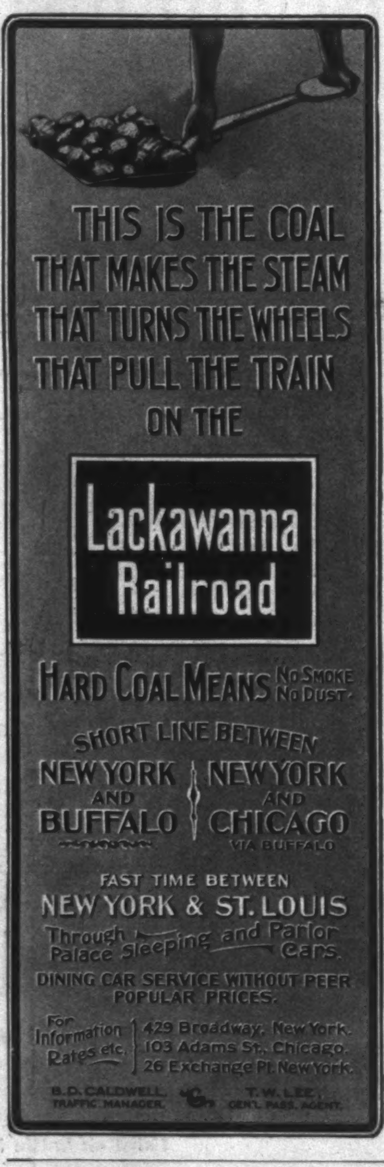

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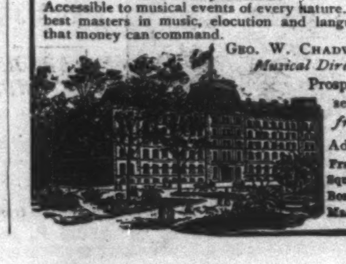

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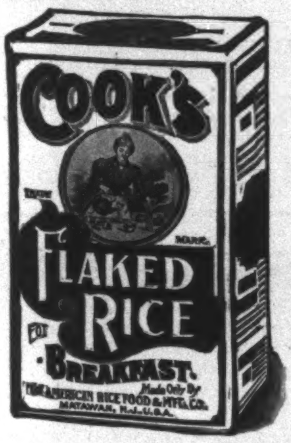

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# FINANCE

BY A. K. FISKE

FINANCIAL legislation at the present session of Congress is likely to be confined to a moderate reduction of the revenues by lopping off some of the internal "war taxes." Both the President and the Secretary of the Treasury have suggested $30,000,000 as the amount of the reduction, though the last fiscal year, with receipts at $669,595,431 and expenditures at $590,068,371, showed a surplus approximating $80,000,000, and the estimates for the current year, of $687,773,253 for revenue and $607,773,253 for expenditures, give promise of one equally large. The fact is that various schemes favored by the Administration foreshadow a considerable increase in government expenses. The ship subsidy, if provided for, will take $9,000,000 a year, and the Nicaragua Canal perhaps $20,000,000, and there is an increase of both army and navy expenses among the possibilities.

The Treasury Department has had various devices for disposing of the troublesome surplus which may not continue to be available. In the process of refunding old bonds at 2 per cent., over $36,000,000 has been disbursed in premiums, and what were known as the extended twos, amounting to something over $25,000,000, redeemable at the option of the government, have been called in and paid. Proposals have also been made for buying $25,000,000 of the outstanding 4 and 5 per-cents. of 1904 and 1907 at a stated price; interest has been anticipated, deposits have been placed in national banks, and other operations have been conducted with a direct view to relieving the money-market from the effect of drawing funds into the public Treasury in excess of its needs.

The Secretary of the Treasury has given notice of the suspension of refunding at the end of the present calendar year. The amount of the bonds refunded up to November 30 was $364,943,750, of which $82,091,700 were 3-per-cents. of 1908-18, $219,779,250 fours of 1907, and $63,073,100 fives of 1904. The total saving in interest was $45,212,687, offset by the payment of $36,106,521 in premiums. The total of these three classes of bonds outstanding at the beginning of the year was $839,055,250, and it is believed that by the end of the year the amount refunded in the new 2-per-cents. will reach about $400,000,000. There will remain only about $30,000,000 of the 5-per-cents., and it is believed to be the purpose of the Secretary of the Treasury to buy in this remnant after the suspension of refunding, as a further means of disposing of the surplus during the current fiscal year. Of the new 2-per-cent. bonds the national banks have taken about $332,600,000, of which $276,124,850 is to secure circulation, and $56,456,850 to secure government deposits. This leaves only about $32,350,000 in other hands, and these are probably held mostly by financial institutions keeping trust funds. The banks are likely to supply their present requirements by the end of the year, in view of the notice of a suspension of the privilege of refunding, and it is doubtful if the process could be successfully kept up after their demands were satisfied.

The addition made to the bank currency under the refunding provisions of the Act of March 14, according to the report of the Controller, is $82,454,270. His statistics are for the date of October 31, when this circulation amounted to $331,613,268, of which $298,829,064 was secured by bonds and the rest by deposits of lawful money. There were then 3935 national banks, with an aggregate capital of $632,502,395. Of these 348 had been organized since the passage of the new law, and 249 of them had a capital under $50,000, which was first permitted by that act in places of not more than 3000 inhabitants. National banks have the privilege of issuing circulation to the amount of their capital, on depositing the required security and complying with other provisions of the law.

To the expansion of the bank currency is credited the ease with which the money-market stood the drain of funds from the financial centres during the season of moving the cotton and grain crops. The Secretary of the Treasury, however, considers that currency as still lacking in the essential qualities of elasticity. It expands more readily than it contracts, and its volume depends rather upon the price of government bonds than upon the requirements of trade. There is in this a hint of the contest that is yet to come over a permanent and satisfactory banking system. Secretary Gage is among the advocates of the policy of permitting banks to issue notes on security of their own assets, making it for their interest to put out only what are needed and to redeem them when they do not find profitable use.

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